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July 16, 1938

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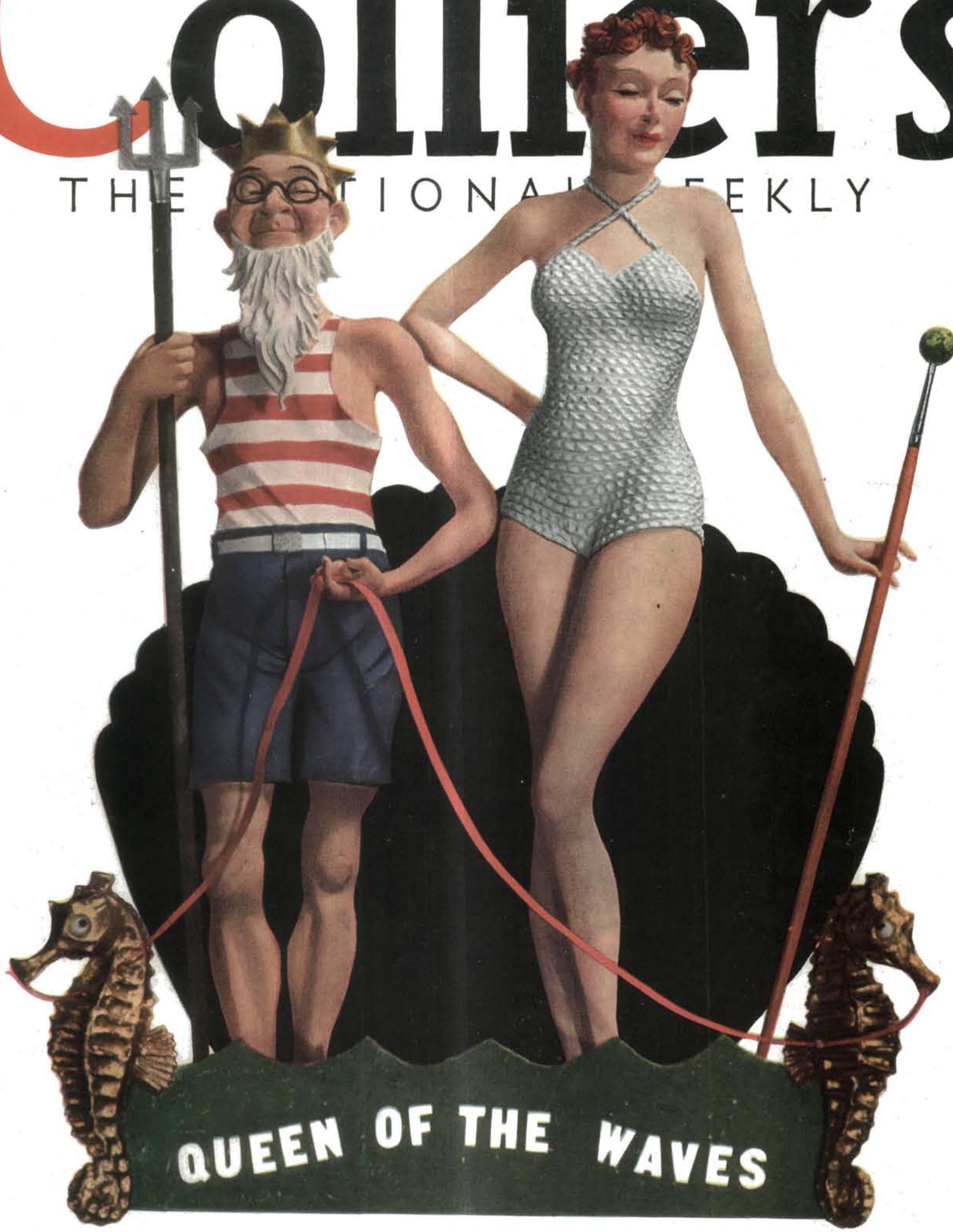
Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



Beginning

THE HONOR OF THE DIXIE BELLE

BY FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN

HERE'S WHAT I MEAN

BY ROG

MRS J O MAJOR
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July 16, 1938

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HELLO!

Learn to say Fleischmann's Learn to say Fleisch mann's Learn to say Flei nn's Learn to say Fleischmann's Learn to schmann's Learn to say Fleischmann's I ay Fleischmann's Learn to say Fleisch o say Fleisch mann's Learn to rn to say Fleischmann's L n's Learn to say Fleischma schmann's Learn to say Fle say Fleisch man Learn earn to say Fleisc Learn to sa nann's Lea leisch r say n 's

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65 PROOF

It takes a fine gin to make a good Tom Collins and it takes fine spirits to make fine gin. We have been distilling spirits since 1870 and as the oldest producer of gin in America it is only natural that we should contend that we make the world's best gin.

Learn to say Fleischmann's • *That's the spirit!*

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WINNING NEW FRIENDS BY THE THOUSANDS: PLYMOUTH "Roadking"

"THE RIDE GOT ME— THAT AND THE PRICE"

"I heard all kinds of good things about the Plymouth 'Roadking'," says Mr. C. J. Votaw, Ft. Wayne, Indiana. "But the real surprise was to find that this big, luxurious car is priced with the lowest! And when I took the wheel and drove the 'Roadking'—well, I just had to buy it!"

"ITS RIDE WAS MY FIRST SURPRISE"

"I heard so much about the Plymouth 'Roadking'," says Miss Florence Hermann, Kansas City, Mo., "that I finally went for a drive in one. I was utterly delighted at its comfort, and how easy it was to handle. And I never knew you could buy a Plymouth at *that* low price!"

"IT COST LESS— AND I GOT MORE!"

"When I heard people talking about the size and comfort of the Plymouth 'Roadking,' I expected it to cost more than the others," says Mr. Fred Smith of Los Angeles, Calif. "But, after seeing the price-tag, I took a ride. That told me all I needed to know...I bought one!"

YES, people are *buying* this great car by the thousands...for its sensational new ride...and its many new features that mean *extra value!*

BIGGEST OF THE 3 In size, this popular Plymouth "Roadking" is easily the biggest and roomiest of the leading lowest-priced cars; it is nearly 7 inches longer than one; and more than 10 inches longer than the other.

THRILLING POWER The Plymouth "Roadking" is making a hit with its big, 82-horsepower "L-head" engine... giving brilliant, full-powered performance with top economy on every count. Owners report 18 to 24 miles on gas... record savings on oil, tires, all upkeep.

EASY TO OWN Your present car will probably represent a *large proportion* of Plymouth's *low delivered price*...balance in surprisingly *low monthly instalments*. Stop in today and see this fast-selling "Roadking"...or phone your nearby Plymouth dealer for a demonstration. There's no obligation. PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan.

TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES' AMATEUR HOUR, COLUMBIA NETWORK, THURSDAYS, 9 TO 10 P. M., E. D. S. T.

PLYMOUTH "Roadking" 5-PASSENGER SEDAN $685

—"Detroit delivered price," including front and rear bumpers and bumper guards, spare wheel, tire and tube, foot control for headlight beam with indicator on instrument panel, ash-tray front and rear, sun visor, safety glass and big trunk space (19.3 cubic feet). Plymouth "Roadking" models start at $645; "De Luxe" models slightly higher. Plymouth prices *include All Federal Taxes*. State, local taxes not included.

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

THE "ROADKING" THE "DE LUXE"

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WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK
Editorial Director

Next Week

YOU had only to look at Nick O'Rell to know that nothing could touch him. The O'Rell manner, crisp and sophisticated, was imitated in smart spots on both sides of the Atlantic. Nick himself, playwright and actor, was admired and envied; and it was known that he had no heart.

Very few had heard about Jill. He married her when she was seventeen and he twenty-two. Poverty had separated them, and Jill had got a divorce and married another man. And just one sight of her was all it took to destroy the smart, bright armor of Nick O'Rell. "Don't Ever Forget" is by Michael Foster.

THINGS have come to a pretty pass south of the Rio Grande. Mexico has buckled down to a program of expropriation, tossing out handsome promises of repayment, and talking, a little vaguely, about bonds. Economists say she won't be able to do a thing about it unless her present policy is changed. "Can We Prevent Chaos in Mexico?" That's what the problem boils down to, and there's a good chance that we can provide the right answer if we go about it intelligently. George Creel, from firsthand experience, furnishes the pertinent facts about our southern neighbor.

ANYONE who knew Penny Lyon should have been suspicious when she demanded a large, public wedding with a touch of vulgarity about it. Blister Halfhill, the man she was going to marry, hadn't taken the trouble to get that well acquainted. As a result, a number of violent and unexpected things happened to Mr. Halfhill. "Ten'll Get You Twenty," by Constance Wynn, is a record of incoherent romance.

GIVE your brain a bath—that may be common practice sometime. Today it is the newest device for treating critical illnesses of the brain and nerves—infantile paralysis, sleeping sickness, meningitis. In "Drops of Mercy," J. D. Ratcliff tells you about it and its discoverer.

THREE men on the ship loved Bernice. One was injured and stayed behind in Shanghai. One got in trouble and was left in a Borneo jail. And the third? Well, he was a retiring sort of chap. You wouldn't have given him one chance in a hundred. And yet— "Ladies Should Not Listen" is by Frank Condon.

WILLIAM E. WILSON, Kathleen Norris, Frederick Hazlitt Brennan, Selma Robinson, Quentin Reynolds and others contribute articles and fiction. Thus making everyone happy.

Collier's

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This Week

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IFOR THOMAS Photographs
MAX WILKINSON Fiction
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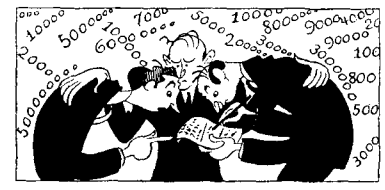
OWEN P. WHITE and JOHN T. FLYNN
Associate Editors

Any Week

AS Mr. Fred MacDearmind of Dallas, Texas, reads the Far East war news his thoughts fade back to 1918 when he, too, "along with a couple other guys," was a soldier. "But," says Mr. MacDearmind, "what punks we were at the noble art of international slaughter. Most of my service was devoted to hiding behind something, shooting vaguely at some guy who was hiding behind something shooting at me. Just saps. Now if we'd had as much imagination and courage as the Japs we'd have gone to each other's homes and shot the other guy's mother, wife and children. That's the way to fight. Sneak up on the women back home. But be sure you're out of reach of the women because they might defend themselves. Just get in an airplane where they can't reach you and drop TNT on the hussies. And get a lot of children at the same time. Gallant profession, soldiering."



COME to think of it, we may have been a bit too smug about that Sweepstakes Racket article we published a few weeks ago. We've waited until all the letters were in. We'd have sworn that the article was statistician proof. Before sending it to the printer we had it scanned by two certified public accountants and a couple of income-tax experts. But we've had dozens of letters telling us that we can neither add, multiply, divide, nor subtract. Each correspondent demonstrated, sometimes profanely, that our figures are pathetic. And the odd part of it is that no two of these protests agree on any statistic questioned. Something tells us that only one of us is right. And, having thought it over carefully and impartially, we've decided that we're the one.

YOU will probably be as downcast as we to learn that Mr. Hardy Rowland, the handshakeless candidate for city council in Little Rock, Arkansas, was not elected. The dismal tidings come to us from Mr. W. E. Edmundson. Too bad. Too bad. Says Mr. Edmundson: "Mr. Rowland had numerous interesting planks in his platform. One was his promise to abolish all local taxes and run the city on money borrowed from the federal government. He had a Young-Age Pension Plan, too. He argued that if Doc Townsend's $250 a month would restore prosperity, $500 would create a boom. Instead of giving this pension to persons of sixty or more, he would hand it out to all youngsters as they reached voting age. He said that if you gave every kid $500 a month very few of them would live to be sixty, thereby eliminating the necessity of old-age pensions."

AND Mrs. Bess Leemans of Holyoke, Massachusetts, dashes to the country's rescue with a plan that, she assures us, can't fail. Here it is: "Let the government pay every unemployed person fifty dollars a week with the understanding that half that sum be invested in government securities and that the rest be spent in the stores of merchants who have agreed to invest it in government securities. This is what I have titled a revolving fund. The government pays it out and gets it right back. The plan allows one unemployed person to a family and anyone caught cheating would lose his citizenship and be fined not less than $500 or more than $1,000 or both. Shall I send this to my senator or President Roosevelt direct? I am an economist, not a politician."

WHICH reminds us that Mr. Cullen F. Manchester of Pasadena, California, has written to us demanding to know "what these men and women in Washington did before running the government." And while there is no connection that we can see, we think we'd better tell you that we got to talking to a railroad ticket agent in Washington and he said, "It's a funny thing but nine out of ten members of Congress making reservations just before the session ends insist on getting trains that get them into their home towns late at night. I've often wondered why it is."

OUR interest at the moment is absorbed by a warning from Miss Gayne McFall of Savannah, Georgia. She demands a thorough investigation and cleaning out, not congressional, of all youth organizations including the Boy and Girl Scouts and the CCC, which are, she says, "riddled with un-American ideas and teachings that would not be tolerated by our patriotic fathers in their day."

LET us purge. W. D.

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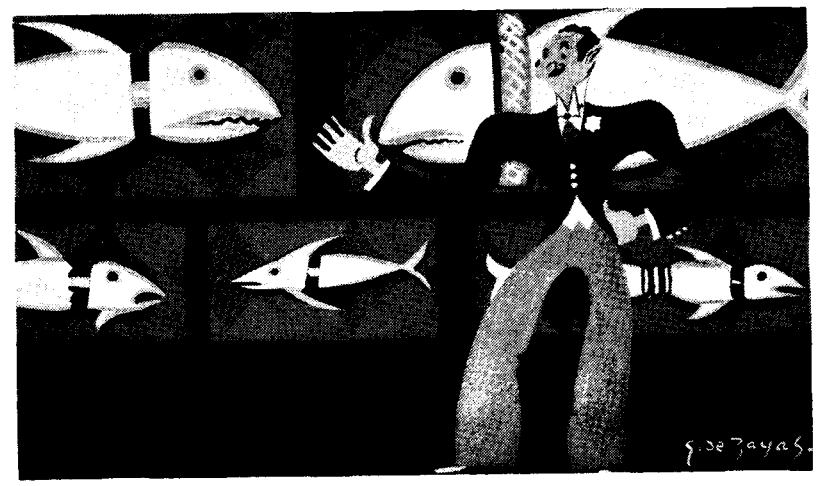


KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

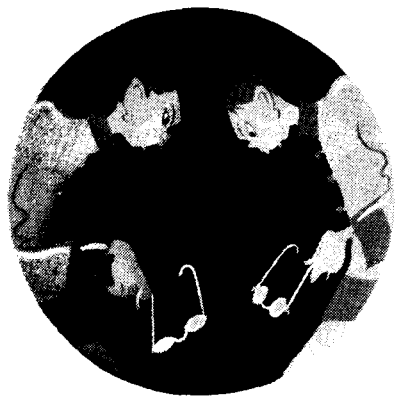
Numerous fishes, from small trout to sizable sharks, have been found with their necks or bodies encircled with a variety of articles such as rims of tin cans, ring-like shells, tire casings and iron hoops from buckets and barrels. One European, who makes a hobby of collecting these curiously adorned animals, has nearly four hundred specimens.

The only work ever signed by Michelangelo Buonarroti, world's supreme sculptor, is his Pieta, in St. Peter's in Rome. This marble altar piece, showing the Madonna with the dead Christ in her arms, has the sculptor's name and birthplace chiseled in large letters on the shoulder band crossing Mary's garment. They were added later, in the church at night, after Michelangelo had overheard strangers credit the work to another man.

A Hindu is always mindful of the four sacred "obligations" that he must discharge during his life. The first is to the gods, which he fulfills through daily worship; the second is to the sages, which he executes through the daily reading of their writings; the third is to his ancestors, which he discharges through having a son; and the fourth is to humanity, which he meets through the constant practice of kindness and hospitality.

Probably the longest series of consecutive words ever learned and spoken successfully by a parrot is the Lord's Prayer, which consists of sixty-five words.

For countless centuries, many peoples of the Orient, particularly the Chinese, have removed their spectacles, as a mark of respect, when talking to another person.—*By Paul Cohen, Chicago, Illinois.*



Much of Europe was so credulous, during the Middle Ages, that tricksters, specializing in the sale of fake relics, were known to have sold thousands of little empty boxes supposed to contain such things as a finger of the Holy Ghost, rays from the Star of Bethlehem and peals from the bells of Solomon's Temple. —*By C. B. Webdell, Chicago, Illinois.*

On the Gold Coast of West Africa, some natives still believe that inanimate objects have ghosts; hence, travelers are forbidden to pass a point on a certain road in the late afternoon as they may be killed by a spear's ghost, which flies by at this time. The rule went into effect years ago after a man, evidently a victim of heart disease, was found dead there without a mark of violence on his body.

In Brussels a twenty-inch bronze statue of a little boy, known as The Manikin Fountain, owns forty uniforms which were given to him by royalty and which he wears on special occasions. Among them are the dresses of a French Chevalier, a British Master of Hounds, a Belgian Grenadier and a Chinese Manchu. Other gifts include a chamberlain's key presented him by Napoleon.

A new device that sterilizes a drinking glass 99.99 per cent in a few seconds is superseding the old, impractical methods that use a chemical, hot water or steam. Its need is evidenced by surveys, one of which, made in the soda fountains in a Southern city, found that forty per cent of their public drinking glasses contained disease-producing bacteria.—*By F. D. McHugh, New York City.*

Not long ago in Nottingham, England, the police ordered a legless match-seller to vacate the spot on the sidewalk beside the Cathedral of St. Barnabas, where he had earned his living for 25 years. The bishop, sympathizing with the man, had a large niche made for him in the cathedral wall, where he may be seen today selling his matches over a little counter.

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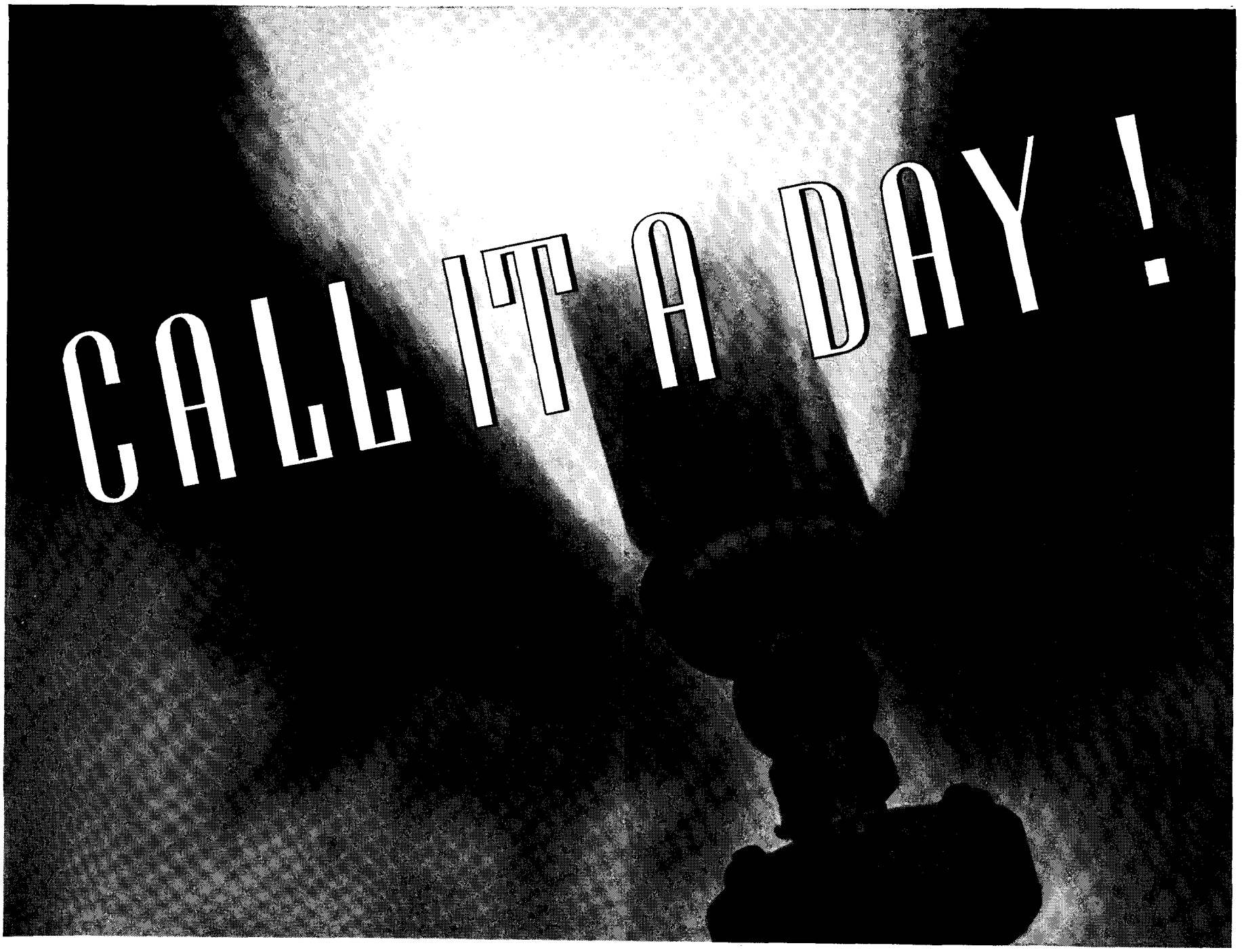

Who does not thrill to the close of the working day . . . the prospect of being free from its responsibilities and cares, even for the brief, fleeting hours between one day and the next?

And there are few of us who would not like to look forward to a time when we can be forever free . . . when at last alarm clocks can ring unheeded, when appointment books may gather dust . . . when leisure becomes a way of life, not merely a brief respite from a task which must be taken up again on the morrow.

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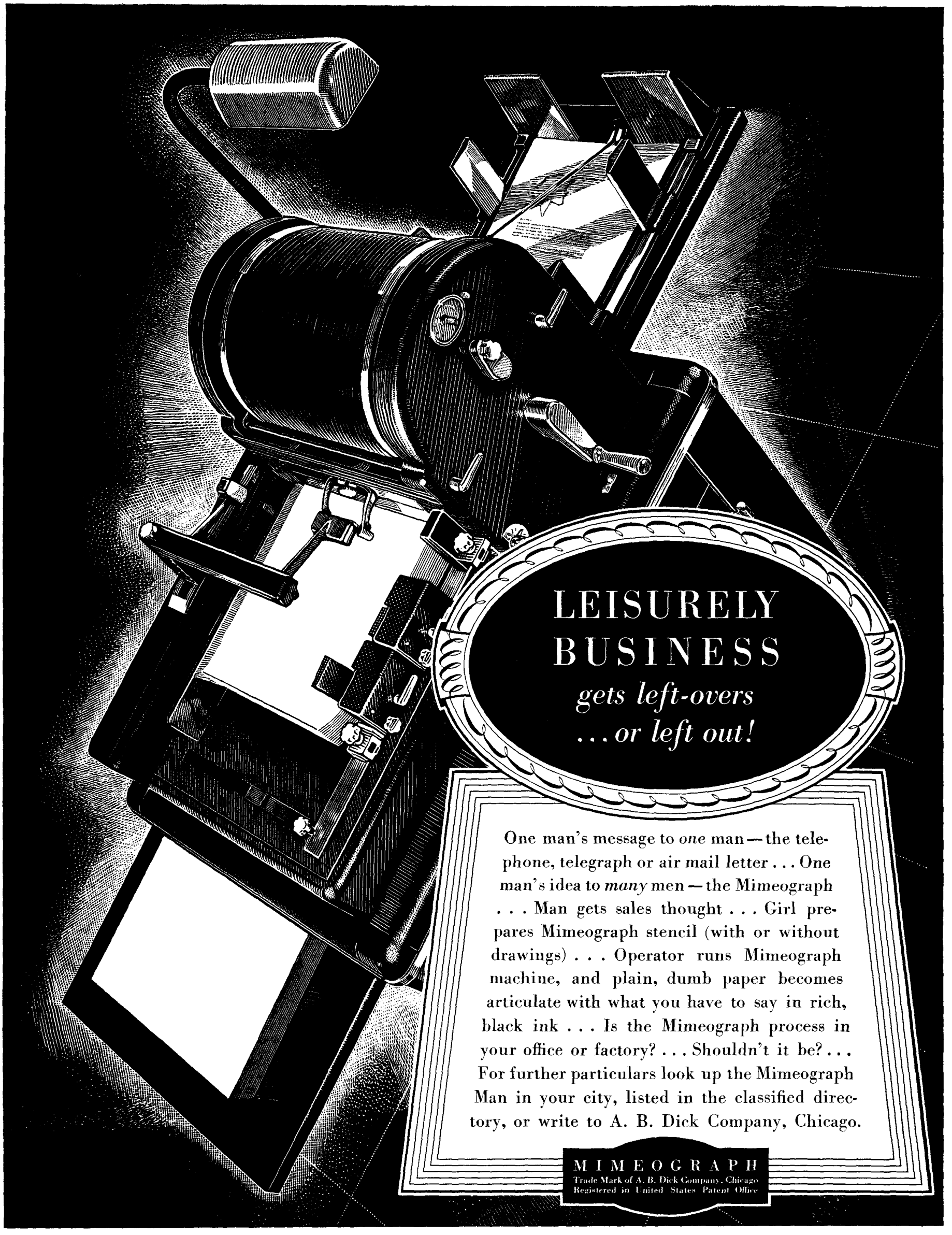

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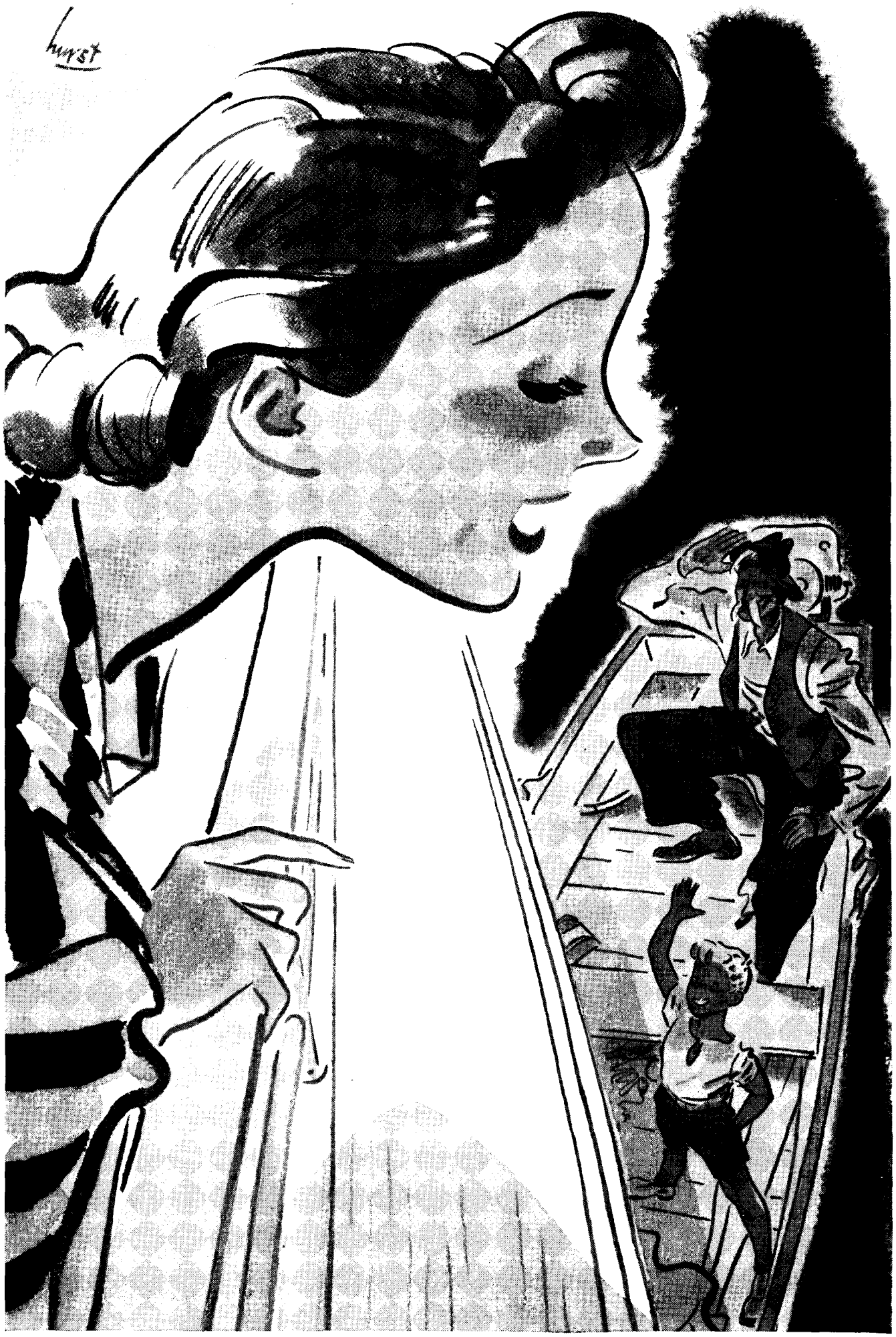
The Honor of the Dixie Belle

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

Beginning a modern romance of the Mississippi—the extraordinary story of some mighty singular and very resolute people



Lucy Hough came out on the hurricane deck and invited us to breakfast. "Hurry, Paw," she said, "skillet's hot"

WHEN I get big I am going to make my father give me about fifty thousand dollars. Then I will buy the Dixie Belle from Cap'n Dan. I will haul her out of the mud at Pike County Landing and put a new bottom in her and new boilers and paint her white. She will look neat with two gold crowns on her stacks and a blue trim around her pilothouse. I am thinking of having "Robert Emmet Lacey, Jr., Owner" in red letters on both sides of the texas. I bet the old Dixie Belle will be a happy steamboat to get out of that mud.

I guess I will have to let Cap'n Dan go on being the captain of the Dixie Belle, because it would hurt his feelings if I made Paw Merrihew the captain. Besides, Paw has got to be the pilot. I wouldn't trust the Dixie Belle on that Mississippi River with anybody but Paw Merrihew in the pilothouse. Of course, I will hire Buttinhead Adams to be head cook and maybe chief roustabout. He is a good nigger and has worked for Cap'n Dan on the Dixie Belle fifty-two years already, counting the thirty-one years she has been stuck in the mud. But I do not intend to let Mrs. J. E. B. Drumwright keep living on the Dixie Belle unless she changes her disposition.

I know one thing, though. Lucy Hough can stay on the Dixie Belle when I am the owner. Lucy Hough has sand in her craw even if she is a girl. I have not yet decided whether I would allow Adrian Reed and Mr. Gollomb to take trips with us as passengers. They would be in the way and all the time making love to Lucy or some other girl, the goofy guys. It is not my idea to operate the Dixie Belle for profit anyway, as I intend to carry only poor kids that have never had a chance to ride on a steamboat.

Maybe you think my father will not give me the fifty thousand dollars so I can haul the Dixie Belle out of the mud. After all that has happened you might think that. My father said Paw and Cap'n Dan and Buttinhead deliberately caused the big collision when that barge-line towboat rammed the Dixie Belle. My father had Paw and Cap'n Dan and Buttinhead arrested for bloody murder after Mr. Callahan, the undercover secret agent, disappeared. Lucy and Adrian and Mrs. Drumwright and Mr. Gollomb mixed into it and my father said everybody on the Dixie Belle was poor white trash and a criminal.

But my father knows the truth, now, and he is not really a villain, though rich. They are all wrong about him. Mr. Gollomb says he would fiddle while Rome burns. My mother says he would say let them eat cake. President Roosevelt says my father is in cahoots with the Supreme Court to be against the poor people. But I know better.

My father's name is Robert Emmet Lacey, Sr. He has a thin but kind face and smokes too many cigars. He will not tell me exactly how much money he's got, saying, "I'm afraid to look, Bobby." That is a joke. My father is only afraid of one thing in this life and that is a damage suit. People are all the time getting themselves hurt on my father's railroad or his streetcars or his

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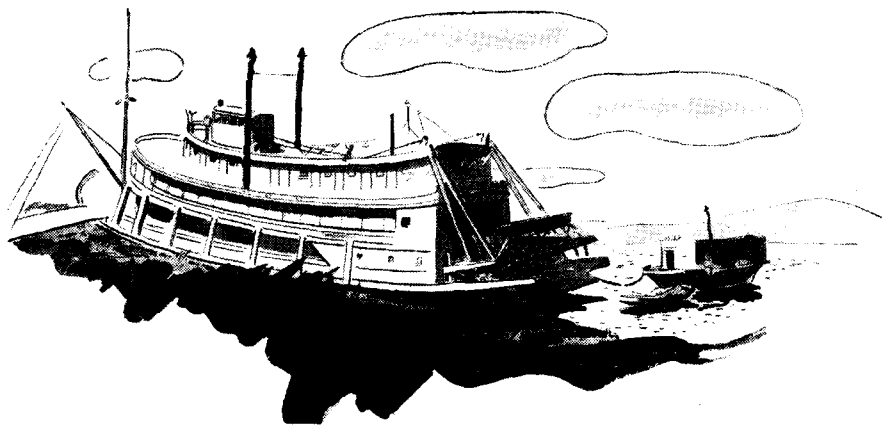

airplane line or his barge line. Then they go into the court on stretchers and their lawyers say: "Look at that rich Mr. Lacey laughing while poor folks suffer." It makes my father nervous and irritable. He is not home very much but every time the telephone rings he jumps out of his skin. He will not look at a newspaper in the morning until Mr. Price, his secretary, reads it first.

NOBODY can say my father is not good to me and my mother. He spoils my mother something terrible. Any goofy notion my mother gets in her head he will let her do it. He just says: "Even the newspapers admit I control only half the United States, Mildred. You can boss the other half." That is a joke. I don't guess my father really bosses but a fourth and my mother tries to boss the rest. Anyway, the whole trouble between my father and Paw Merrihew and Cap'n Dan was my mother's own fault.

I mean it was her idea. She made my father buy the new country place near Pike County Landing. I am glad she did because I would never have known there was a Dixie Belle or people like Paw Merrihew, if she hadn't. My mother got the idea because she is a fifth cousin by marriage to Mr. Samuel Clemens that was Mark Twain and wrote all the books.

My father and my mother argued about it. My father said: "Aren't you near enough to the Mississippi right here in St. Louis, Mildred?" But my mother said it was too smoky to see the Mississippi half the time and besides she wanted a new country place, being tired of the one at Charlevoix. So she said: "I'm really doing it for Bobby's sake. He should know Cousin Sam's river intimately." And my father made a joke, saying: "Oh, is it his river? The folks in Washington accuse me of thinking it's my river." So my mother said: "Don't be flippant, Bob." My mother does not care for wisecracks. She looks at you and says: "Oh . . . oh, yes," and does not laugh very much.

But my mother sure gets her way. The new country place she bought is an old brick house with sixty-eleven rooms on a high bluff above Pike County Landing, which is a little dinky town on the riverbank. I remember looking things over the first day and saying to myself, "Gee heck, this is swell."

I could see the Dixie Belle 'way down below and stuck in the mud near shore. I could see that Mississippi River, wide as a lake, stretching to hellangone down south toward St. Louis. I said to myself what a summer I would have fooling around that old steamboat and fishing. My mind was on fish because fishing is my favorite avocation. I could just sit and think about fish swimming around under water where you cannot see them and getting ready to bite your hook. In my sober judgment there is more sense to fish than any other subject to think about.

My mother went and acted up just goofy. She said the Dixie Belle, when I showed it to her from the side-orchard yard, looked like a deathtrap. She said it was bound to be full of rotten timbers and rats and I wasn't to go near it. She would not buy me a motorboat or even rent me one, saying the Mississippi River was treacherous and full of swift currents and undertows.

"Gee heck," I said, "Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn went all over this river. All by themselves."

"That was fiction, dear," my mother said.

Meaning it was just in a book and in real life the Mississippi was too dangerous.

"Well, at least I guess I can go fishing, can't I?" I said.

"Only if you promise to remain on the bank and if Mr. Gollomb goes with you," my mother said.

Mr. Gollomb is my tutor. He is a Rhodes scholar and has a nice reading voice. But in my sober judgment he is worse than useless on a fishing trip.

"Gee heck," I said, "Mr. Gollomb jinxes me."

"There is no such thing as a jinx, Robert," my mother said. "That is just superstition." Meaning I had to take old Gollomb goof or not go.

The principal fish of the Mississippi River are catfish, buffalo, sturgeon and crappie. Having had a lot of practical experience with fish, I made Mr. Gollomb walk up the Burlington tracks above the levee until we came to a backwater place not far from the Dixie Belle. I have a Heddon rod that cost fifty-five dollars, and a smooth Pflueger reel that cost forty dollars and a complete assortment of plugs, spinners and other lures.

"LOOK at that beautiful Baltimore oriole, Robert," Mr. Gollomb said.

"My mind is on fish," I said. "Help me bust down some of these bushes so's I can cast."

Just to show you what a mess Mr. Gollomb is when it comes to fishing, he made up his mind in less than an hour that we weren't going to catch anything. In less than an hour and a half he said we had been fishing for three hours. We had only tried about five places, too.

"A growing boy of twelve should not overdo his strength, Robert," Mr. Gollomb said. "I'm afraid we'll have to go home now."

"You go," I said. "I'm all right."

We argued and I got tears in my eyes, not bawling or anything near it but just because I was so mad at Mr. Gollomb. Then, all of a sudden, a skiff came shooting into the backwater and right up to the bank.

It was the first time I ever saw Paw Merrihew.

"Whut's the trouble, sonny?" Paw said.

"He won't let me fish any more," I said.

Mr. Gollomb did not say anything.

"Caught any yit?" Paw asked.

"No," I said. "I don't believe there are any fish in this river."

"Oh, ye don't?" Paw said.

"Sorry, Robert, but we'll have to try it some other day," Mr. Gollomb said.

I did not pay any more attention to Mr. Gollomb, as he is not authorized to use force against me. I was too busy looking at Paw Merrihew. I did not see how a man so old-looking could row a boat. He was little and skinny and his stomach was sunk in. But from the very first I could tell Paw was a real fisherman.

"I'll pay you to guide me to a good fishing place, mister," I said. "I sure hate to go home skunked."

Paw looked at Mr. Gollomb. "They ain't bitin' today, sonny," he said. "You better run along with yer big brother, like he says."

I said Mr. Gollomb was not my big brother but only my tutor and I could go fishing if I wanted to. Paw picked up his oars and I thought he would leave. But I saw him looking at my rod and reel. He had little squinty, sharp blue eyes; you could bet he would laugh at wisecracks. His chin needed shaving but his clothes and his boat were awful neat and clean.

"Want to look at this rod and reel, mister?" I said. "They cost over a hundred dollars."

"Why, sonny, I don't mind if'n I do," Paw said.

I let him handle my outfit and I told him about the perch and wall-eyed pike I had caught in Michigan with it. In my sober judgment he was truly interested. He looked at everything and kept saying: "Jest look at thet, now. Over a hundred dollars. Jest think of thet, now!"

"How's for showing me where I can catch some fish?" I said.

"The gentleman is busy, Robert," Mr. Gollomb said.

"My father is Robert Emmet Lacey, Sr.," I said, "and we've bought the old Stony Hill place. We're important people."

"Don't boast, Robert," Mr. Gollomb said.

Paw just laughed. "Oh, thet's all right," he said. "Let him brag. I do a leetle braggin' myself occasional."

"Well, well," Mr. Gollomb said.

IT WAS a lucky thing for me that Mr. Gollomb butted in. Paw did not like Mr. Gollomb and everything Mr. Gollomb said turned Paw contrary. So, finally, when Mr. Gollomb said we'd have to go, Paw said: "Hold on, sonny. I know one place on this river where a man can always git catfish. It ain't far. Wanter try it?"

"Oh, boy, do I!" I said.

There wasn't anything for Mr. Gollomb to do but get in the boat with us.

"Had this skifft thutty-four year,"

"Let her th'ow it," yelled Paw, jumping up and down. "'Tis her natchel weapon!" Mrs. Drumwright threw the spittoon and missed both Paw and Mr. Gollomb

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Paw said. "Good as the day she was built."

"Isn't it a bit leaky?" Mr. Gollomb said.

"Foosh. Thet's wave-slap water," Paw said. "This skifft was designed to carry a low freeboard so's it would stay moist inside. Totherwise, it'd be too dry an' crack the timbers."

"Very interesting," Mr. Gollomb said.

I SURE had a big surprise. Paw headed straight downstream to the Dixie Belle. I thought maybe we were going there to dig some worms. Up close, the Dixie Belle looked like an awful wreck. She was buried in the mud up to her first deck and I bet she hadn't been painted for years. Most of her windows were busted out and patched with oily paper or something. Her stacks were rusty and blades were missing out of her big stern paddle wheel. Downstream from the steamboat's bow a little houseboat was tied up at the water's edge by a rope running across the mud flat to the Dixie Belle.

"Gee heck," I said, "I'd sure like to go aboard that old steamboat."

"Thet's whur we're a-going, sonny," Paw said.

"Won't it be dangerous?" Mr. Gollomb said.

"An idjity feller might think so," Paw said.

Mr. Gollomb did not say anything more. We followed Paw across a short plank walk straight into the lower deck of the Dixie Belle. Paw went right on up the big wide stairs that led to the grand saloon. When he got to the grand saloon it was all furnished with tattered old chairs and a big long table and four brass spittoons.

"Gee whillikers," I said, "does somebody *live* on this steamboat?"

"Yep, sonny. Cap'n Dan'l Minor an' his family lives here. But they ain't at home."

"Have you their permission to enter?" Mr. Gollomb asked.

"In a manner of speakin'—yes," Paw said.

He went right over to a desk in a corner and dug out some hand lines and a big hunk of what he said was biscuit dough. Paw then handed me one of the lines. He went to a place on the floor that was covered with faded red velvet carpet. He lifted up the carpet and then he lifted up three boards. I looked at Mr. Gollomb and he looked surprised. I went over to the hole in the floor. You could see right down to water.

"Bait up with this beaten biscuit dough," Paw said, "an' th'ow yer line in!"

"Oh, do you think he'd better fish in *here?*" Mr. Gollomb said.

"When ye've lived as long as me," Paw said, "ye'll fish whur there's *fish.*"

In my sober judgment Paw was right. I baited the hook and dropped my line down. Paw watched me and I could tell he realized that I could handle any fishing problem. I got a bite almost right away, and brought up a swell, peachy catfish, about three pounds.

"A fisherman, dang him!" Paw said.

But Mr. Gollomb got upset because the catfish flopped a little on the red velvet carpet and made it dirty in just one small place.

"I'm sure the lady of the house would not like this, Robert," Mr. Gollomb said.

Paw and I did not take any notice of Mr. Gollomb. The fish were biting too fast. Paw let me use both lines, fishing with one while he unhooked the last catfish from the other. Paw said this was such a swell place to fish because the catfish got into the Dixie Belle's bottom during high water and had to stay there. In my sober judgment it was the keenest fishing I ever had. I caught seven record-breaking catfish before Mrs. J. E. B. Drumwright butted in.

SHE came out of one of the narrow doors that lined both sides of the grand saloon and were stateroom doors. She had just waked up from a nap and was cross.

"Well, of all the low-down renegade nerve," she said. "Who gave you puhmission to fish through ouah livin' room floor, Mistah Merrihew?"

"Foosh, Mrs. Drumwright," Paw said.

"Jus' look at you. Scion of one of the first families in Pike Caounty," she said.

"Go right ahead—look at me," Paw said.

"The majuh an' youah mamma must be turnin' ovah in theah graves," she said.

"You go turn over in your grave, old 'ooman," Paw said.

"You disgustin' renegade," she said.

"Renegade, am I?" Paw said. "Why, 'ooman, I was an honest man earning my own livin' when you was a light o' love—an' starving to death at it!"

I guess this must have made Mrs. J. E. B. Drumwright good and mad, because she said we had made a mess on the floor and could not fish any more. She started calling Paw names. Paw got sore and pulled out his fish-sticker knife and said he would cut Mrs. Drumwright's throat. Mr. Gollomb thought Paw meant it and he grabbed hold of Paw. Mrs. Drumwright picked up a spittoon like she would throw it at Paw.

"Control yourself, madam," Mr. Gollomb said.

"Let her th'ow it," yelled Paw, jumping up and down. " 'Tis her natchel weapon!"

I did not say anything. It did not look so good. Mrs. Drumwright threw the spittoon and missed both Paw and Mr. Gollomb. She picked up another spittoon, but this time Lucy Hough and Cap'n Dan and Buttinhead came running in from the promenade deck. They had just got back from Pike County Landing. It was the first time I had seen any of them.

Lucy sure knew how to handle all the people that lived on the Dixie Belle. She told Mrs. Drumwright to be a lady and put the second spittoon down. She told Paw to be a gentleman and apologize to Mrs. Drumwright. Paw said: "I ain't a gentleman, dang ye. I was born to be hanged, an' I couldn't hang in a better cause than fer slittin' thet 'ooman's th'oat." But he gave Lucy his fish-sticker and Mrs. Drumwright started to

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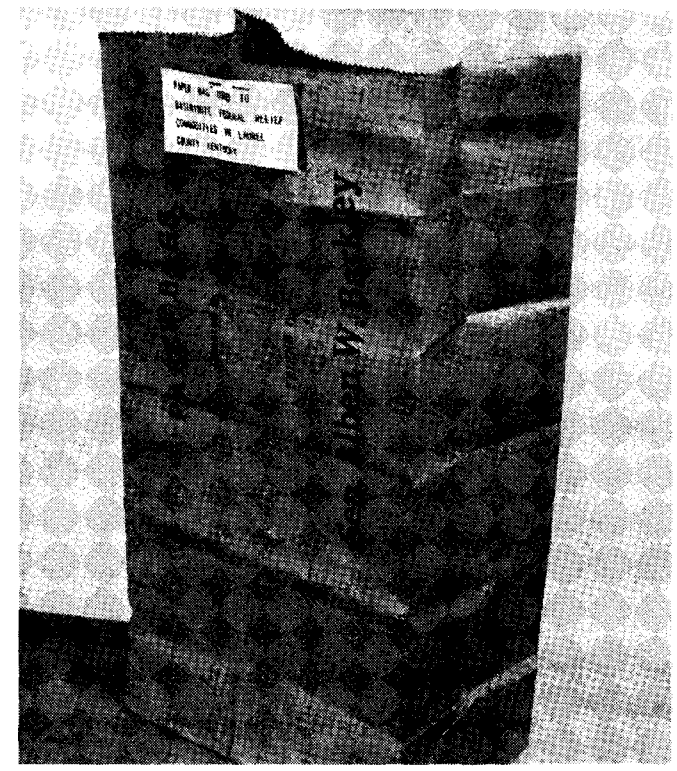
Happy Couldn't Wait

By Walter Davenport

"The President called me to Washington and asked me not to run against Senator Barkley. He said that I was a young fellow and had lots of time. He said that I should go back home to Kentucky and be a good boy and when my term was finished maybe there would be plans for me. But I told the President that I wanted to do what he had done—run while the running was good." Thus the Honorable Happy Chandler, governor of Kentucky. Meet him, singing his way toward the primaries—without any help from President Roosevelt

COLLIER'S PHOTOGRAPH

Senator Alben Barkley, the "President's voice in the Senate by the grace of one disgruntled vote"



Early in the campaign, recipients of direct relief in London, Kentucky (to mention one town we know about), were handed their groceries at the London WPA commodity room in bags bearing the name of Senator Alben W. Barkley

WHILE the Honorable Happy Chandler was inside shaking the large bony hand of Uncle Carter Luman, we fell to talking to a Mr. Ben Folkwheel. Mr. Folkwheel, so tall, spare and shaggy that it was like talking to a hemlock, told us that there was really nothing wrong with Uncle Carter, who, after all, was only eighty-three and hadn't done anything ruggedlike for coming on twenty years, thereby saving the sinews and otherwise preserving himself against the wear and tear that bury a man before his time.

Mr. Folkwheel was at the moment inspecting a large beckoning expanse of rock at the roadside. Sometime back, a wandering evangelist exhorting his way through the Blue Ridge Mountains had painted in white upon the rock's broad breast the notice that The Kingdom of God is at Hand, and had passed on, leaving Wolfe County, Kentucky, to make the most of it.

But what held the attention of Mr. Folkwheel were words recently added to the evangelist's communique: Vote for Happy, making it clear to any literal traveler that one had but to vote for the bull-terrier governor of Kentucky to insure the immediate realization of heaven. But not that Mr. Folkwheel was fooled. He would make up his own mind in his own good time.

"I ain't asking nobody to shake my hand," said Mr. Folkwheel, "although I ain't withholdin' it. I ain't like Carter Luman, although he's my cousin by blood. The minute Carter Luman hears that the governor of Kentucky is coming to town he takes to his bed, sendin' out word that he ain't far from the end, although he aims to last to after election. Naturally this calls on the governor to go to Carter Luman and shake him by the hand because of Carter's one vote, and there's a lot more votes lookin' on. This is the third time this year that the governor's been in these mountains and the third time Carter's made him come to his bedside. The second time Happy got in here before we expected him. Carter was down the road tryin' to buy a cigar and the governor almost beat Carter to the bedside."

Mr. Folkwheel had more to say but was interrupted. From the tired cabin wherein Uncle Carter Luman was being yearned over by the thirty-nine-year-old vote planter who is Kentucky's governor, came a burst of song. The Honorable Happy, having heard from the wise and sunken lips of Uncle Carter himself that the political days of the Honorable Alben Barkley were numbered, was lifting his tenor voice in a melting rendition of Gold Mine in the Sky. The applause consisted of a shrill shouting that echoed down the stony ravines and a double-barreled shotgun salvo from a courthouse window. So great was the approving clamor that the governor, after a few quieting motions with his hands and a bit of throat clearing, sang Sonny Boy and emerged from the Luman residence, his eyes moist with emotion.

In the mountain road a hundred people, perhaps more, had gathered—almost mysteriously. We had sped up the winding highway, the hewn face of the mountain on one side and the sheer precipice on the other, and had suddenly come upon a settlement. At first it seemed abandoned; and it was, except for a shuffling, staring, empty-handed clutter of people who themselves seemed abandoned. There was nobody

Governor Happy Chandler doing his best to smile his way through the campaign at Louisa, Kentucky

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HAROLD RHODENBAUGH

in sight when we arrived. And then, as if at some signal that none but mountain ears might catch, men began to appear —silent, unsmiling, gracefully slothful like hungry cats on the prowl. Then their stolid, incurious, work-battered women and birdlike huddles of wild-eyed brats, dressed like their sires, regardless of sex, in brown shirts, blue overalls and tattered sweaters or jackets. And not a word out of any of them.

Seizing their shoulders, the Honorable Happy jammed them together, embraced them. The grin that won him his popular name away back when he was quarterback, shortstop, singing waiter, laughing choreboy, life of the party and all-absorbing student in Transylvania College at Lexington, Kentucky, kindled the crowd, which shed thereat some of its dour austerity, shuffling nearer.

By sheer energy he broke through their reserve. The ardor of his personality thawed them. At first he went to them calling them by name and nickname and miraculously calling them right. The man has a prodigious memory, a memory that serves him well but that for his opponents must be calamitous. He's a low-country boy, not a mountaineer. But to one after another in this crowd, men and women, he recalled ancient personalities.

Sing, Happy, Sing!

"Hi you, Jason Shane. See you got gray hairs before your time. Don't tell me, don't tell me. I know where you got those gray hairs. You got those gray hairs tryin' to make the purtiest redhead gal in these mountains look at you. Where's that redhead gal, Martha? Gotter, did you? Come here, you Martha Hollinger Shane. Daggone if you ain't purtier than when Shockankle Kirby, yonder, and me played ball over for Hindman. Shockankle, mind the time you struck out with the bases loaded against Hyden? Glory be, you hid out, didn't dare go home that Saturday night. Whose little girl is this? Don't tell me. Hang me high if you ain't an Appleby. Sho' nuff? Papa Ned Appleby your grandfather? Great-grandfather? Where's that ole varmint?"

This goes on until there are no more folks to holler at. Before he's through their temperature is up thirty degrees—shyness, suspicion, doubt, caution dispelled.

Nobody calls him governor. Scarcely anybody knows his meaty given names —Albert Benjamin. Even the children, as shy as young chipmunks, are soon calling him Happy. Sing, Happy, sing. And Happy sings for them—long lugubrious mountain songs mostly about a pure young buck crying from the scaffold to his distraught sweetheart who is late with the pardon money.

He is forever what the circumstances demand—always with that trade-mark grin. He can swing it like a jitterbug or coo like a dove. He can go corny or classical, and make 'em jump for the rafters. He can jive or Jove and convince them it's a natural. At this nervous moment he is standing at the most important crossroads his hot feet have yet come to. He is just about to get his first political setback or be flung by an entranced electorate into the national big apple.

For the Honorable Happy and the Honorable Alben William Barkley, President Roosevelt's majority leader in the United States Senate, are about to find out at the polls who's the biggest Democrat in Kentucky—whether the stolid Mr. Barkley is to return to Washington or whether his seat is to be occupied by the open-faced, liquid-hearted, lunging young man who, even his opponents admit, has been the ablest governor Kentucky has had beyond the memory of the fading generation.

Were these primaries a simple contest between Alben William Barkley and Albert Benjamin Chandler, each man on his own with no extraneous complications, one would be justified in saying that Mr. Barkley's chances would be scarcely more than might be seen on a starless midnight with a resolutely closed eye. And not that Mr. Barkley is not a diligent, durable campaigner. He is capable of assailing the public intelligence six and eight times a day with solid words and thunderous rhetoric of polysyllabic grandeur. Nor is he without song, being all but eager, where expediency dictates, to counter the Honorable Happy's musical appeal with a hoarse but painstaking outpouring of Wagonwheels. All of which tends to make us surer that democracy is the only supportable form of government.

But complications there are, and this isn't a man-to-man battle with guns checked at the door and the referee determined to keep the fight inside the ropes. Listen to Happy:

"Folks, I am where I am because I asked you to put me here and you agreed to and did. I did my own talking and most of you believed what I said. I've done what I said I would and you know it. I'm doing my own running. I haven't got President Roosevelt to do my campaigning for me. I haven't got the White House burning electric lights all night thinking up ways of electing me, although from what I hear they're spending some of that time thinking up how to defeat me—me, Happy Chandler, who used to sell newspapers, shine shoes and sing to the barber for haircuts.

"The President called me to Washington and asked me not to run against Senator Barkley. He said that I was a young fellow and had lots of time. He said that I should go back home to Kentucky and be a good boy and when my term was finished maybe there would be plans for me. But I told the President that I wanted to do what he had done—run while the running was good. So I ain't got the President doing my campaigning. Somehow, folks, I figure that I can do my own."

The Tremulous Triumvirate

The issues in Kentucky are so clear as to be discernible even by our inexperienced eye—the Federal New Deal against the Kentucky New Deal. Mr. Barkley, a prime favorite of the White House and the President's voice in the Senate by the grace of one disgruntled vote, is asking Kentucky to uphold the Roosevelt arms by re-electing the Roosevelt choice. To this, Mr. Barkley is wont to add with proper humility that he should be rewarded for being a good senator—with re-election, of course. With Mr. Barkley's modest assumption Mr. Chandler fails vigorously to agree.

No, Mr. Barkley's lot is not a happy one. He has what amounts to a White House mandate to stop Chandler. And for the good of his morale he is assured that Mr. Roosevelt will not be sparing with assistance. Mr. Roosevelt cannot well afford the psychological loss that will come of a defeat of his own choice for Senate majority leader.

Mr. Chandler's appeal for votes is somewhat broader than Mr. Barkley's. He asks, of course, reward for being a good governor. And none—not even Mr.

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Mrs. Albert Benjamin ("Happy") Chandler distributing campaign buttons at the rolling mills in Ashland (top), and the governor meeting the electorate in Louisa, Kentucky, which has previously been hostile to his ambitions

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The Learned Clam

The romance of Oliver Witlow, a man of few words

By Richard Connell

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT O. REID

WITH the ace of spades gripped in a numb fist, Oliver Witlow, A.B., A.M., Ph.D., propelled his lank form across the campus, looking like a ghost late for a haunt. He faded into Cora Cooper Watt dormitory and went to ground in his rooms, where he quivered down into a chair and felt many, if not all, of the sensations of a man beset simultaneously by lockjaw and *mal de mer*.

That night at the Faculty Club (gift of Cora Cooper Watt) they had drawn cards to see who should make the speech of farewell to the departing president of the college, Dr. Dwight Lubbock, who had been called, to quote him, "to a sphere of larger usefulness" or, to quote his colleagues, "had talked his way into a soft job as director of radio education for a canned-milk company, and good riddance."

His going left them as sad as if they had been cured of sciatica; but custom ordained that he be given a feast and presented with a piece of bric-a-brac to remind him of men and days he'd prefer to forget. So they chipped in and bought a moderately repulsive grandfather's clock, and left the choice of an orator to the cards of chance. Oliver Witlow lost.

Deep indigo despair descended on him. It was not that he hated Lubbock, for he hated nobody but himself; but as some men dread disease, debt, death or the devil, Oliver dreaded speaking. He could, if he had to, squeeze out a few simple words in conversation; but to stand up before an audience and emit nouns and verbs he found downright impossible.

Students called him The Learned Clam. Though he had more degrees than a thermometer, he found himself, in his thirties, still holding the humble rank of instructor, while other men, with less lore but better acoustics, were professors. Like the traditionally reticent bivalve, he stayed in his shell, mute and inglorious, a sort of academic odd-job man, correcting papers in everything from astronomy to zoology and doing research for pundits who preferred the links to the library.

As he sat, staring morosely at the fatal ace, he thought of joining the Foreign Legion, or perhaps contracting a light case of leprosy, rather than face the ordeal that lay three thin weeks ahead of him.

In the Faculty Club there was no gloom. There was pipe smoke, foaming steins and the artless prattle of pedants at play.

"I suspect skulduggery," stated Prof. Knipe (Chemistry). "You forced that card on Oliver, didn't you, Mac?"

"I did," admitted Prof. MacKillop (Mathematics) unblushingly. "I felt the foul fiesta needs a touch of comic relief."

Prof. LaPucelle (French), a recent importation, wiped froth from his bay beard.

"Pardon," he said, "but why is it that it is you always make the jests on this Monsieur Weetlow?"

"The poor fish is the official goat around here," MacKillop explained. "So, now and then, just for a lark, we horse him around."

THE Frenchman nodded and smiled as if he understood.

"Can anyone explain the awful inarticulateness of Oliver?" inquired Prof. Knipe.

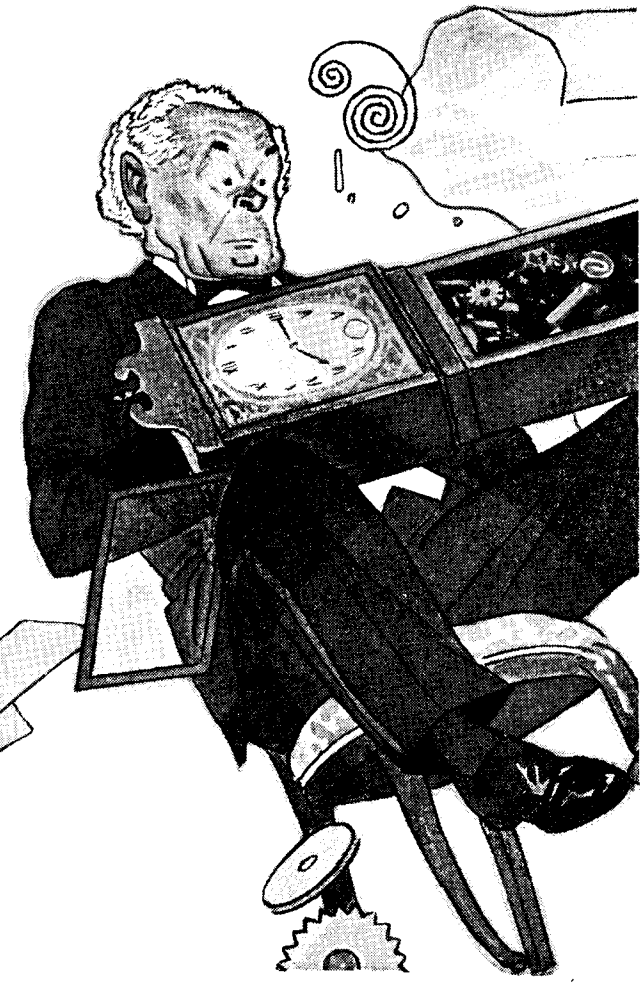
"Maybe Bill Redfern can," said MacKillop. "Scrambled brains are his dish."

"I *have* pieced together a sketchy case history of The Learned Clam," said Prof. Redfern (Psychology), "but I'll be hanged if I can tell whether he is a problem for a psychologist or a plumber."

"Meaning what, if anything?" asked Prof. Storke (Botany), a bit bemazed by beer.

"Oliver's mental pipes seem to be stopped up," said Redfern. "He takes in, but doesn't give out. He's stored a lot of golden nuggets in that noggin of his; but when it comes to getting them out, he's as helpless as a tramp outside a mint."

"How do you explain it?" asked MacKillop.



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"He has a complex," Prof. Redfern said.

"Spill it," said Storke.

"Mind you," said the psychologist, "it's just a theory, based on the scraps and slivers of autobiography I've been able to wangle out of Witlow over a period of several years."

"Uncork it," said Storke.

"Oliver, I gather, was born quiet and shy. At thirteen he had an attack of ingrown adolescence in its most acute form. He was a gawky, gangling giraffe of a lad, of uncertain voice and complexion, and, at this critical period of his life, he was dragooned into appearing in a public debate on woman suffrage against a team of girls from Rumford High School. Girls upset him. He wanted to run away from them and toward them at the same time. I dare say you all felt those bittersweet stirrings in your teens—"

"I still feel 'em," stated Storke.

"IT WAS Oliver's debut as a Demosthenes," went on Redfern. "He was overcome with juvenile jitters. However, he dutifully prepared his argument, and committed it to memory. But, believe me, gentlemen, he was a mighty nervous young fellow by the time the big night rolled around. For the occasion he had ordered his first long-pants suit from a mail-order house, a modest, dark blue affair. It did not arrive till the last moment. By mistake they had sent him an outfit intended for a sporting barber, who was smaller in stature than Oliver, but more robust in taste, for his fancy ran to frog-green checks, a profusion of pleats and pearl buttons in unexpected places. Oliver had his choice of wearing those giddy garments or nothing. It was a tossup which would make him more conspicuous. There was nothing to do but crowd himself into the revolting rig and hurry to the town hall. His new shoes squeaked."

Prof. Redfern paused for breath and beer, then:

"I have only a rough picture of what happened at the hall," he said. "Rude contemporaries made audible comments about Oliver's clothes. He sat on the platform, waiting his turn. He did not hear a word the other debaters said. He could only hear his own speech being played over and over inside him on some automatic phonograph.

"After an eternity he heard his name. He shot up from his seat as if he had been drop-kicked, and the chair clattered down to the stage. That started them tittering. He set sail for the center of the stage. His shoes made sounds like quarreling mice. He moved toward the footlights like a somnambulist having a nightmare and barged full tilt into the speaker's table, and almost went sprawling. He thrust out a hand to steady himself and rammed it to the elbow in the ice-water pitcher. The audience whooped with mirth. Oliver escaped from the pitcher and came to anchor at the footlights.

"He'd been drilled to make three bows: to the audience, to the 'honored judges' and to 'my worthy opponents.' He made the first two bows in par, but when he turned toward the three fair maids from Rumford High, and bent over, his sorely tried trousers succumbed to the strain, and burst like a seed pod in the spring. The audience was treated to a vista of blue underwear. Oliver spun round and faced them. Presently the guffaws died down and he opened his mouth to speak. His lips moved, but not a single sound of any sort came from him. It looked to the audience as if he were making faces at them. They saw him thump his head violently. He was trying to break the log jam inside it. He could not knock loose a single word. They saw him turn the color of Roquefort cheese, wobble, and keel over in a dead faint."

"And you think that experience tied a knot in Oliver's tongue?" asked Knipe.

"I do," said Redfern. "And here's a strange fact; Oliver never found his lost oration. He has tried, repeatedly, in private, to remember it, but he can't recall a single line."

"Then it's still inside him," said Storke.

"I dare say it is," agreed Redfern.

"They say if you swallow a needle, it will roam around in your system for years, and nobody can tell when it will come out, or where," observed Storke. "Maybe it's the same with speeches."

"Shouldn't wonder if that's true," said Prof. Redfern.

"Let's talk no more of The Clam," said MacKillop. "I dislike weak, silent men. I want to hear about our new president. You worked under him out West, didn't you, Maxie?"

"That I did," said Prof. Hupfeld (Economics).

"Tell us, what manner of man is Nicholas Porter Potter?" queried Knipe. "I've only met him in the headlines."

"Old Nick is a huge, hairless man with a deep purple voice fit to charm turtles from their swamps," said Prof. Hupfeld. "And how he loves to play his bazoo! He's definitely on the pompous side; and gold-getting is his forte. While we're pounding away on sophomore skulls, he'll be addressing the East Orange Ladies' Bridge and Proust Club on 'Culture, Its Cause and Cure'; and you can bet your sabbatical he'll include a few touching remarks on his college's need of the old mazoo."

"What is his family like?" asked MacKillop.

"He's a widower, with one daughter, by name, Minerva."

MacKillop made a wry grimace. He had a cinematic profile, kept a little red date-book, and was considered the catch of the campus.

"Minerva," he exclaimed. "Goddess of Wisdom! I just know she wears horrible hats, needs a shave, and has teeth like a caribou. Am I right?"

"Wrong," said Hupfeld. "Miss Potter is a comely wench, with a neat figure and a disturbing eye."

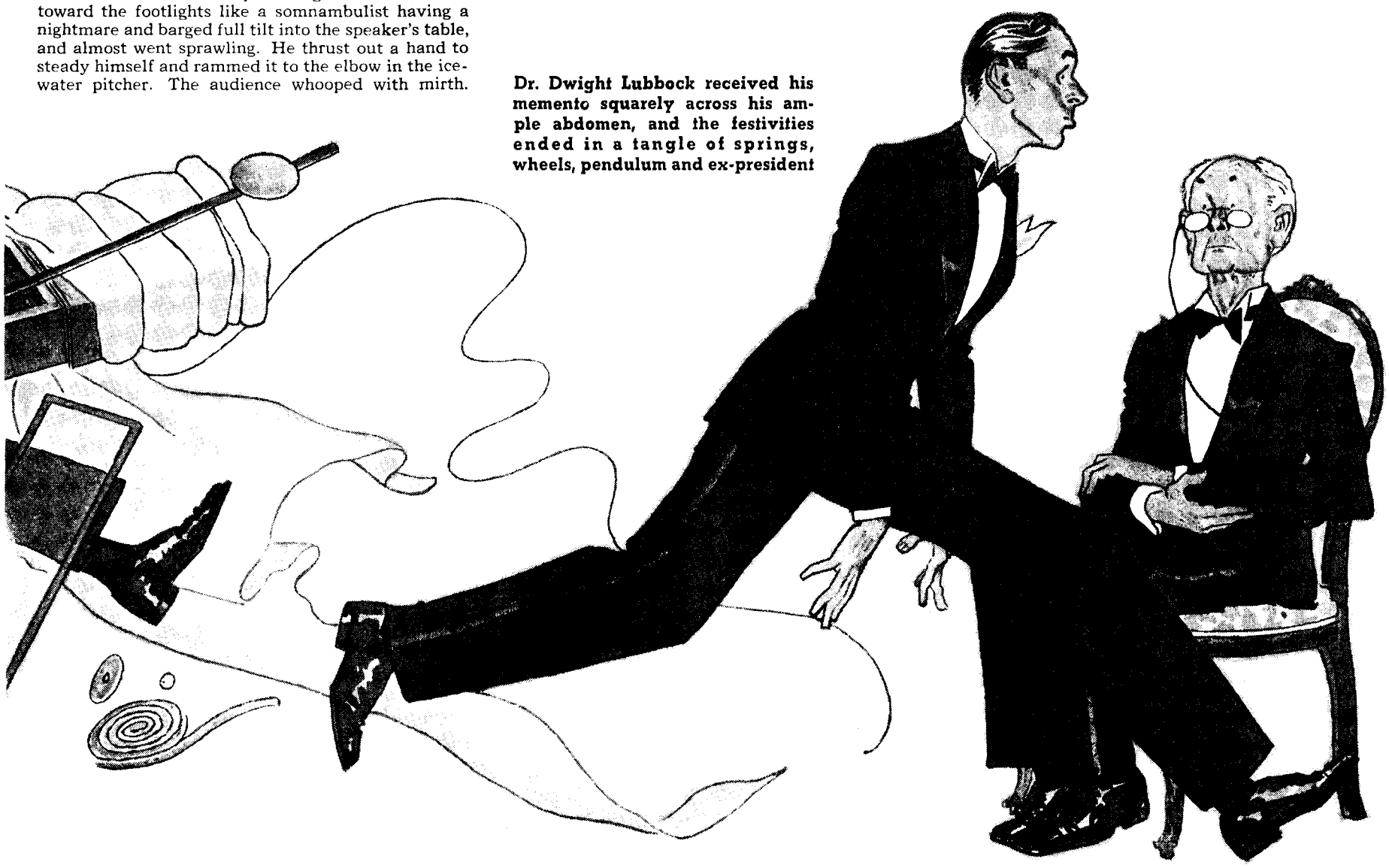
"Sounds like my type," said MacKillop. "Happy days are here again."

HAPPY days were not there again for Oliver Witlow. His state of mind was that of a martyr scheduled to be dessert at a lion's luncheon. It behooved him, he decided, to go into training for the grisly rite, so he became, in spirit, Kenneth Bellingham. By a lucky chance he had met Mr. Bellingham in the pages of a periodical devoted to self-help. Most of the men, therein described, were, at one time, so puny and skinny that they were practically translucent; but after taking a course in magnetic muscle-molding, they were able, in an incredibly short time, to pose in leopard-skin diapers, looking as if they had been stuffed with pool balls. But not so Bellingham. There was nothing the matter with his muscles. His difficulty was that when he got up to speak, people laughed.

"They knew," confessed Mr. Bellingham sadly, "that every time I opened my mouth I put my foot in it."

This acrobatic habit proved a serious handicap to his career in the tap and die industry until he enrolled in the Universal University of the Spoken Word, located in P. O. Box 369, Coffeyville, Kan. Soon Mr. B. could pound the conference table and bellow with the best of them, and his rise to high place and pay shamed the skyrocket. Oliver wired off the tuition fee, nine ninety-eight, and commenced feverishly to master the secret of Bellingham's success.

Each morning, very early, he trudged to a pine grove on the far side of Moonrise Mountain, by night the purlieus of petters, by day deserted, there to do his vocal setting-up exercises. These comprised, among other things, holding *(Continued on page 40)*



Dr. Dwight Lubbock received his memento squarely across his ample abdomen, and the festivities ended in a tangle of springs, wheels, pendulum and ex-president

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Voice of Conscience

By Irwin Shaw

Deputy-sheriff Macomber attempts his own particular kind of escape, and a man wanted for theft is freed instead

MACOMBER sat in the sheriff's swivel chair, his feet in the wastebasket because he was too fat to lift them to the desk. He sat there looking across at the poster on the opposite wall that said, "Wanted, for murder, Walter Cooper, reward four hundred dollars."

Macomber was the third deputy sheriff and he took care of the office because he didn't like to go home to his wife. In the afternoon the second deputy sheriff came in, too, and sat tilted against the wall, because he had nothing else to do.

"I don't like this heat," Macomber said. "New Mexico's healthy, but I need a vacation. You need a vacation. Everybody needs a vacation." He shifted his gun, where it dug into the fat. "Why can't Walter Cooper walk in here this minute? Why can't he?" he asked.

The telephone rang. Macomber picked it up. He listened, said, "Yes, no, the sheriff's taking a nap. That's too bad. I'll tell him, all right. Goodby."

He put the telephone down slowly, thought in his eyes. "That was Los Angeles," he said. "They caught Brisbane. They got him in the jail there."

"I know that kid. His mother don't talk to anybody since it happened. Eighteen years old. Why do you think a kid like that gets himself into something like this? He'll get fifteen years," the second deputy said. "His accomplice got fifteen years. Eighteen years old. A blond kid—"

"That's my case," Macomber said slowly, putting on his hat. "I was the first one to look at the boxcar after they bust into it." He turned at the door. "Somebody's got to go bring Brisbane back from Los Angeles. I'm the man, wouldn't you say?"

"You're the man," the second deputy said. "That's a nice trip. Hollywood. There is nothing wrong with the girls in Hollywood." He nodded his head dreamily. "I wouldn't mind waltzing through that city."

L. R. GUSTAVSON

He could see himself at the bar with a blond girl, drinking a beer or two, talking and laughing

MACOMBER walked briskly toward the sheriff's house, smiling a little to himself, despite the heat, as he thought of Hollywood.

"Oh, for gosh sakes," the sheriff said when he told him about Brisbane, "what turns up in Los Angeles?" The sheriff was sleepy and annoyed, sitting on the edge of the sofa on which he'd been lying without shoes, his pants open for the first three buttons, after lunch. "We got a conviction out of that, already."

"Brisbane is a known criminal," Macomber said. "He committed entry."

"So he committed entry," the sheriff said, "into a boxcar. He took two overcoats and a pair of socks and I have to send a man to Los Angeles for him!"

"Los Angeles asked me to have you call back as soon as possible," Macomber said smoothly. "They want to know what to do with him. They want to get rid of him. He cries all day, they told me, at the top of his voice. He's got a whole cell-block yelling their heads off in Los Angeles, they told me."

"I need a man like that here," the sheriff said. "I need him very bad."

But he put his shoes on and buttoned his pants and started back to the office with Macomber.

"Do you mind going to Los Angeles?" the sheriff asked Macomber.

Macomber shrugged. "Somebody's got to do it and I know the case inside out."

When they got into the office the second deputy got up out of the swivel chair, and the sheriff dropped into it wearily. He opened a drawer and took out a ledger. "We haven't got a penny," the sheriff said, "not a blooming penny. That trip to Needles after Bucher cleaned out the fund. We don't get another appropriation for two months. This is a beautiful county. Catch one crook and you got to go out of business for the season."

"It wouldn't cost more than ninety dollars to send a man to Los Angeles." Macomber sat down gently on a small chair.

"You got ninety dollars?" the sheriff asked.

"This's got nothing to do with me," Macomber said. "Only it's a known criminal."

"Maybe," the second deputy said,

(Continued on page 24)

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Man with [illegible]phone

By C. M. Black

The hard way to become a director is to be everything else first. That's Eddie Sutherland's prescription. And it worked

PHOTOGRAPH BY IFOR THOMAS
COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

Eddie Sutherland works hard on the job and plays hard in the interim. Here he is shown behind the bar in his home at Beverly Hills

FOR a youngster, Eddie Sutherland was doing all right. He was only twenty-four and he was getting $400 a week, which was enough to buy many a cake and doughnut. He was working hard, it is true, acting, working as property man, helping concoct scripts and in general making himself useful. But he wasn't getting anywhere and he wasn't learning much.

He got to thinking it over. Then he walked over to Hollywood's only restaurant, Armstrong and Carlton's, and there, sitting at a table all by himself, was a gentleman named Fate who was going under the name of Charlie Chaplin. Chaplin was just about beginning to be hailed as a genius then, and Eddie was one of his admirers.

He walked up to Chaplin and said, "I'd like to work for you."

"For how much," Chaplin said.

"I'm getting $400 a week now," Eddie told him, "but I'm not getting anywhere. Mostly I'm acting and that isn't my dish."

Chaplin shrugged. "I'll give you fifty a week. That's the best I can do."

Eddie nodded. That was all right. Why, he would have paid money to work with Chaplin. He wanted to learn this business, wanted to learn everything there was to be learned about it. Chaplin could teach him a lot. He signed with Chaplin. He learned a lot from Chaplin.

He assisted Chaplin in directing The Gold Rush and he learned about pace and timing. He already knew about camera and lighting. He knew as much as Chaplin did about those things and sometimes he'd argue with Chaplin about camera angles. Chaplin was pretty much of a tyrant on his set. Then Eddie helped direct Woman of Paris. He learned a lot from Chaplin during that picture too, and then he was off on his own. He signed up with Paramount and ever since then he has been known as one of Hollywood's comedy directors.

To begin with, he was born into a theatrical family. His mother was Julie Ring, a well-known vaudeville headliner, and his father, Al Sutherland, was a theatrical producer. His aunt was Blanche Ring, who married Charlie Winninger, and another aunt, Frances, was Mrs. Thomas Meighan. Eddie's schooling was, to put it mildly, kaleidoscopic. In all, he attended sixteen schools, leaving a very undistinguishing record behind him in each emporium of learning.

He learned how to walk on in a musical show in which Aunt Blanche was starring and he toured vaudeville for a year with his mother. He was beginning to build up a theatrical background that was going to be of great value later on.

It was 1915 when he stormed the portals of Hollywood, but for a long time Hollywood refused to be perturbed. Finally he hooked on with the Signal Film Production Company in a number called The Girl and the Game, which starred Helen Holmes. It was one of those railroad serials in which Helen was always just escaping death by inches.

Art, à la Slapstick

Eddie signed on as actor, property man, assistant cameraman and double for the star. He received nine dollars a week. It was a soft job while it lasted, but a slight miscalculation as to the effect of exploding dynamite lost Eddie his job and almost lost him his life. He was doubling for Helen and he was perched on top of a fast-moving train pursued by nobody else but the villain. He had to leap from the train to a rope that was strung between two telegraph poles on either side of the tracks. Just as he landed the train was to explode. But he'd be all right swinging happily on that heavy rope. Everything went according to schedule. He leaped, caught the rope and swung happily. Then the dynamite exploded and it blew him thirty feet away. The director had neglected to inform himself as to the true explosive quality of dynamite.

"We were all always making mistakes like that," Eddie says now. "And the mortality rate among doubles was very high."

After Sutherland got out of the hospital he became a Keystone cop, a job that put very little pressure on one's dramatic ability. Among other hopefuls in the same company were Gloria Swanson, Wallace Beery and Marie Dressler. For a couple of years he acted, if acting it can be called, in the slapstick comedies of the day. Later he graduated to playing juvenile leads for Triangle. Aesthetically, these pictures left something to be desired, but they were great box office and distributors were clamoring for them.

By now he had a fairly good background. He had been stunt man, gag writer, property man, assistant cameraman, and he had acted. He had been everywhere except behind a megaphone. But all of his training had pointed him for that job. It was then that he went to Chaplin to learn about pictures from him. You can't work with Chaplin without absorbing some of the man's genius. Genius is a word they kick around fairly freely in Hollywood but it seems to fit Chaplin's case. Chaplin apparently can do any given thing better than anyone else can do that same thing. Woman of Paris was a great directorial job. Sutherland's been a director ever since.

For several years he and Monte Brice formed a team. They could work harder and play harder than any other two men in Hollywood. They'd disappear for days at a time and unhappy producers never knew whether they were locked up in a hotel room writing a script they had promised or hanging on a bar in a New York night club. They knew this, though: If a script was due on October 24th, Eddie and Monte would show up with it. It probably wouldn't be until one minute before midnight, but it would be there.

Sutherland works hard once that camera starts to turn. But in that pleasant interim between pictures he doesn't think of work. In between pictures Eddie is always getting married or divorced. He does both with entire good nature and it is rather an amazing commentary that he is on very friendly terms with all of his ex-wives. There are, so far as Eddie remembers, four of them. I know them all and have heard them all speak very highly of him. When he isn't getting engaged or married or divorced Sutherland is sitting up late with some of the sturdiest sitter-uplaters in the country.

As soon as a picture is made Sutherland makes a beeline for New York. He has made sixty trips across the continent in the past ten years. He is one of the few people who earn their living in Hollywood who honestly and heartily detest the place.

"More phonies to the square inch in Hollywood than anywhere else," he grumbles. "There are a few great guys here but usually they're working and they have to hit the hay early. Give me New York. There you can find someone who'll stay up and talk."

A Hollywood Landmark

Today Sutherland is one of the landmarks in Hollywood, like Grauman's Chinese or the corner of Vine and Sunset. He looks thirty; he is forty and he's been working in Hollywood since 1914. He free-lances now, bouncing from one studio to another, and he never has to worry about his next job. Producers and executives frown a bit when they see Eddie whirling about on the Hollywood merry-go-round but they know that he knows his business and they know that when he takes a script he will embellish it with gags and add brightness to it; he will cast the picture intelligently and shoot it quickly with no waste of time or money. They know that when the picture is done Sutherland will cut it deftly. A good director does a great deal more than just wield a megaphone and sit on a campstool. A good director must know his trade. Sutherland knows his trade. ★★★

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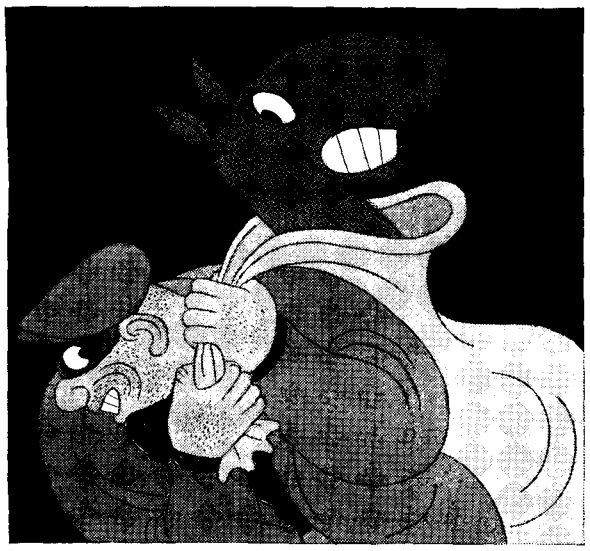
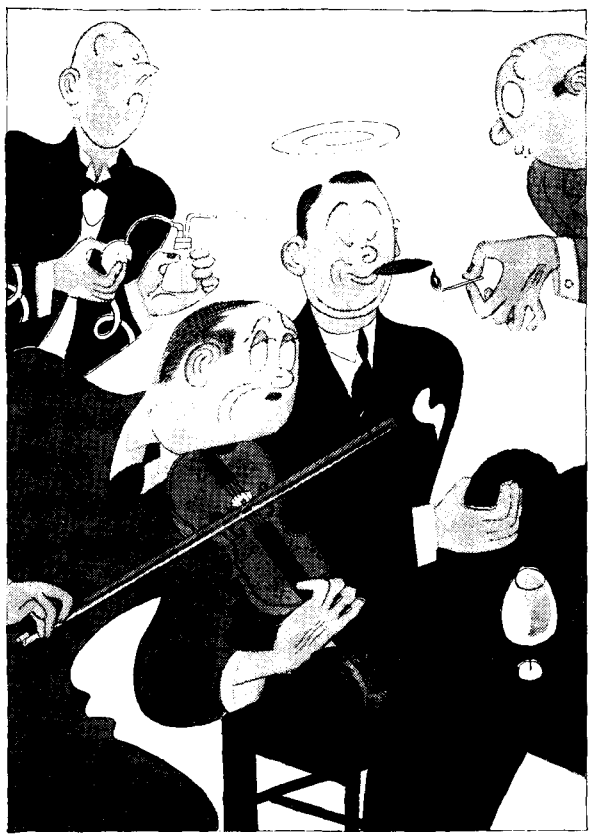


If your wife's uncle was a horse thief, forget it

How to Win at Bridge

By Oswald Jacoby

ILLUSTRATED BY RODNEY DE SARRO



A proper mental attitude is important for good play

THE time was eight in the morning—the contract, three no trump. As had been the case all night with practically every three no-trump contract our side had played, I was the declarer. Aided by a lucky finesse and an end play that seemed like a pretty good one for that hour of the morning, I pulled through and chalked up game and rubber. My opponents were the four best bridge players of Memphis, Tennessee, playing in relays. My partners had been three other local players admittedly not so good as the four opponents. And since Dame Fortune had smiled upon us, we were over 15,000 points ahead.

One of the opponents now said, "You are the first bridge authority who has ever played bridge here in Memphis who we are willing to admit knows how to play the game. Why is that?"

I replied, "Maybe I held better cards than they did."

He said, "Bunk. Come on now, why is it?"

"Well, there is a reason," I admitted. "I am a bridge player first and a bridge authority second. In other words, I throw my system out the window and make what I know will be the winning bid with the particular partner I am playing with and against the particular opponents I am playing against."

Right in that statement is the secret of winning at Contract, Auction, Five-suit bridge, or any similar partnership game. This principle consists of so adapting your bidding and play as to get the best results with the partner you have at the moment. Even when playing with the greatest experts some degree of flexibility is essential.

As an example, at a certain stage of the bidding I must bid spades, and would like if possible to bid two and one-half spades. In this situation, if I happen to be playing with David Burnstine, who is quite conservative, I will make the bid of three spades. On the other hand, with Jimmy Maier, who is extremely liberal, I will bid only two.

Leaving the experts, let us now skip lightly to the average player. You are such a player, playing in an average game, and suppose you find that you lose more often than you win. Perhaps your losing is due to the fact that you do not play the cards as well as the other players. In this case there is nothing this article can do for you. The matter of play of the cards at contract is an extremely technical one and can only be learned through serious and intensive study.

In all probability, your losses are due either to bad cards, bad bidding or bad partnership. The first is possible—a player may have bad cards over a period of weeks or even two or three months. But year in and year out cards average. The chances are: you are merely making your cards look bad.

Next we have bad bidding. Before starting on bad bidding, a few words about system. Unquestionably, two players who know and use a standard system have a great advantage over a partnership employing catch-as-catch-can methods. The two major systems today are The Four Aces and Culbertson. The Four Aces is far better, as may be seen from the records of tournaments, which are invariably won by Four Aces players. At the same time it is simpler, due to the fact that it employs no artificial bids. I have hopes that with the new game of Five-suit bridge the country will employ but one system, and that that will be the Four Aces.

It has been my experience that the average player, whether he says that he plays the Four Aces or the Culbertson system, follows only the major principles, which are practically identical in the two systems. And when it comes to fine points of bidding, he is invariably using his own judgment. Furthermore, the player who says that he follows no system still uses these major principles, which really are all that an ordinary player needs. At the risk of being slightly technical, I will give them here:

1. The opening bid of one of a suit: Minimum requirement, three tricks with a four-card suit; two and one-half tricks plus with a good five-card suit: two tricks plus with a good six-card suit. Partner responds to these opening bids with anything except a bust or near bust. When playing Five-suit bridge, add one-half trick to these minimums.

2. Opening bid of two in a suit is forcing to game and shows a tremendous hand.

3. Opening no-trump bids show a balanced hand with a minimum high-card requirement considerably more than that necessary for a suit bid.

4. Opening bids of three or four mean almost anything at Contract. Since neither the player nor his partner ever know what they mean, my recommendation is that the winning Contract player leave them entirely alone and stick to bids of two or less. Remember, the easier you make things for your partner the better you will get along. Incidentally, when it comes to Five-suit bridge, an opening bid of three is a contract for eleven tricks. With a hand of that power, I would certainly recommend opening with either one or two so as to allow for as much exchange of information as possible. The stronger your hand, the more you are interested in a slam; the more you are interested in a slam, the more communication you want.

Now for a few common bidding habits that are really bad:

First, we have the bad habit of bidding the same values twice. For instance, I was playing against a couple some time ago. Mr. A opened the bidding with two spades. Mr. B responded with three no trump. Mr. A jumped to six no trump, and the hand was down two. A was indignant with his partner for the three no-trump bid, and after telling him everything he was thinking, finally turned to me and said, "Did you ever see anything quite so terrible as B's bid?" I replied, "Yes, your bid." "What do you mean, my bid?" he exclaimed. "I had a two bid, didn't I?" I asked what his minimum two bid was, and he replied, "Five and one-half tricks with a five-card suit, six tricks with a four-card suit." "How many tricks did you have?" I asked. He counted and said, "Five and one-half." "And your suit was a five-carder," I pointed out. "Therefore you had a minimum two bid." He thought a while and finally said, "Well, I would have bid two without the ten of diamonds." I said, "Therefore that ten of diamonds fully justified you in jumping the bid three tricks more after you had already shown your entire hand by your opening bid?"

"Well, my partner's three no-trump bid showed he had a good hand." "Yes," I replied. "On the other hand, if he had wanted to bid six no trump entirely by himself, he could have done so." He thought a while and said, "Maybe you're right about my bid, but (turning to B) I still think yours was terrible!"

Another nice losing habit, which is probably the most common of all, is that of making unsound overcalls. Somehow or other, practically every bridge player has learned or believes that you do not need as much strength to overcall as you do to open the bidding. This is partially correct. You do not need so much *high-card* strength to overcall. But, on the other hand, you need far greater playing strength.

It is rare indeed that an opening bid of one is doubled for business. One the other hand, when you overcall, the player in back of you, if he happens to have strength in your suit, is very likely to double, since he knows that his partner has shown a substantial amount of high-card strength.

Another habit that brings joy and profit to your opponents is that of bidding merely because it is your turn. My experience has been that 99 players out of 100 will rebid automatically, even if they are weak, merely because it is their turn.

Then we have the lovely habit of "flag-flying." The gallant defender of the flag notes that his opponents have contracted for four spades, which, if made, gives them game and rubber. He is not vulnerable and, taking a deep breath, dives into a contract of five. He is promptly held under, while his opponents double and gleefully chalk up 500 or 700 points. Emerging from the depths, our hero says, "Well, partner, we saved rubber," whereupon partner is likely to say, "What rubber? They couldn't have made their four spades!"

It is particularly important to keep yourself and partner in the proper mental attitude. When partners fight, it is bound to upset one or both of them. Then, too, it may cause disturbances later on. For example, if Jane Smith trumps Bill Smith's ace and he mentions the matter in no uncertain terms, it is not going to help their partnership either for the next few hands at the bridge table or the next few years at home for her defense to be that Bill's uncle was hanged for horse-stealing.

Since no one bids absolutely perfectly, bridge players divide easily into two classes: overbidders and underbidders. I am frequently asked which class is more likely to be successful. The answer is that the underbidder is a certain loser in the long run, as are also reckless overbidders. But the player who consistently overbids his hand slightly in an effort to get to game and slam contracts will almost invariably be found on the right side of the ledger when the results are tabulated.

Another point of the bidding that is particularly important and that anyone can master successfully is the Principle of Anticipation. This principle is tremendously important, and so simple that anyone can use it. In brief, it consists of doing the things at an early stage of the bidding and selecting a bid that will simplify instead of complicate matters for you at a later stage. As an example of its working, consider the following hand. You are dealer and hold:

Spades: A K x x
Hearts: x x x x
Diamonds: x
Clubs: A K x x

You obviously are going to bid either one spade or one club. Which one should you bid? Answer: You should bid one club because if your partner responds with one diamond (and, since you have a singleton diamond, that is an extremely likely response), you will bid one spade. On the other hand, if you open with one spade and your partner now bids two diamonds, the only way you can show your clubs is to get way up to the level of three.

Finally, the winning bridge player should endeavor to get as much enjoyment out of the game as possible. The man who continually wears a chip on his shoulder cannot win at the game, since, while he upsets his partner and himself, all this merely serves to amuse the opponents. ★★★

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A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE • ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB

When in Rome

By Paul Jones

WHEN a Chinese general loses face, it is customary for him to take a trip around the world, in order to avoid the head waggers and finger pointers. Nina Clementine did very much the same thing when it became obvious, even to her, that Hollywood had no further use for her talents. She came on East, accompanied by her personal maid and by Sally Wells, her secretary. Mr. Peabody, her husband, was also along.

Her first stop was New York, where there was some talk of a Broadway production. She was thrilled, she told the newspapers, at the idea of working once more with a flesh-and-blood audience. There must have been a hitch in the arrangements, because, two weeks later, she and Mr. Peabody and Miss Wells and the maid embarked for England.

I suppose nobody would back a show for her. Mr. Peabody, incidentally, had plenty of money, but he had not made it in the turkey business, and saw no reason for getting into it at this late date. Mostly he sat around with a glass in one hand and a cigar in the other, waiting for Nina to calm down and accept middle age on its own terms.

I entered the picture in London, where I was slightly stranded at the moment. Elstree seemed indifferent to Nina's availability, and she hired me to do something about it. Of course, I'm really a public relations counsel, but it's surprising how often I find myself doing the work of a mere press agent. I had to earn my way back to New York, and even a public relations counsel has to eat once in a while.

After ten days, Nina issued an ultimatum. Either England would do something for her within a week or she would leave it flat. England let the ultimatum expire—by a sort of pocket veto—and we moved on to Paris.

Meanwhile, I found myself growing very fond of Sally Wells, her secretary. Sally is slim, redheaded, and a square shooter—a real person. Nina gave her quite a kicking around, just as she did me and everybody else, except Mr. Peabody. I can't afford to be proud. I can take it when my cakes and ale depend on it, but the way she used to treat Sally made me very sore.

Elderly ingénues are as common in Paris as blondes are in Hollywood. René Clair didn't rush around with any staggering offers, so it wasn't long before Nina heard the call of the road again, and we departed for Rome.

Rome was a complete flop. Of course, I kept hustling. I honestly did my best, but I had all I could do to get Nina in the Hotel Arrivals. I was beginning to feel sorry for her, in a way, until I went back for dinner one night and found Sally in tears. Nina had just fired her. I delayed long enough to buy the poor kid a couple of Martinis, and then I went up to the suite.

Mr. Peabody was sitting in an armchair, with his cigar and a highball, and Nina was walking up and down with one hand pressed to her forehead.

"Look here, Miss Clementine," I said. "You can't fire Sally without notice. You owe her five hundred dollars in back salary and her passage home. Call it a thousand dollars, net."

"Don't bother me with trifles," she snapped. "Let her sue me if she thinks she can collect." She was a beautiful twenty-minute egg, and no mistake.

I ARGUED with her but it was no use. I even turned to Mr. Peabody and asked him if he thought it was fair. He just took a whiff of clear Havana and a pull of Scotch, and said nothing. That was the plan he had laid out for himself at the beginning of the trip, and he stayed with it. He was a very consistent fellow.

To tell you the absolute truth, I began to get worried about my own situation, because Nina owed me a little over one grand, and I might be next on the list. Then she lit into me. "You call yourself a press agent. What publicity have you gotten me in Rome?"

"I was just out this afternoon seeing some people," I told her. "And—"

"Never mind—don't interrupt me," she said. "I have a perfectly splendid idea. I'm going to lose my jewels."

"I wouldn't," I said. "That idea's worn out. I think—"

"You're not paid to think," she screamed. "You're paid to get the story in the newspapers. Do as you're told."

"All right," I said. "You're the boss."

So I went out and saw a fellow I knew in a news office, and we talked it over. He was quite a help and, in the end, we got quite a bit of publicity for Nina. The story even made the cables.

I had a late dinner with Sally, and helped her dry her tears, and then I was all set for Nina the next morning.

I went up to her suite right after breakfast. "Come on, Miss Clementine," I told her, "we're going around to the police station. I've got a swell follow-up on the jewel story. Photographers, and all."

"What's the gag?" she asked me. She was very eager, because she hadn't had her picture taken in months.

"You lost the jewels," I said, "and they were found by a poor music student—an American girl. She returns them to you, and you slip her a reward in front of the cameras and promise to take an interest in her career."

"How much do I give her?" she wanted to know. Nina was always the little businesswoman.

"Fifty bucks—a thousand lire," I told her. "And I better tell you now—Sally's cast in the role of the music student."

"Why Sally?" she balked.

"Because I can't pick smart girls off trees in a foreign city," I said, "and I had to work fast. Come on."

So we went to the district police station, and Nina slipped Sally a couple of her diamond bracelets on the quiet while we were going in to see the commissioner of police. The boys from the news and photo services took pictures of Sally and Nina, and the two together, and then a couple of Sally handing the bracelets over to their rightful owner like the poor but honest girl she was.

It was then time for a shot of Nina pressing a reward into Sally's hand, and promising to help her to a big success. Nina began to fumble in her handbag. She always carried quite a roll, like a lot of people who hate to part with money, and I saw her separate a thousand-lire note from the billfold, but it seemed to stick to her fingers, and finally she came out with a hundred lire and passed that over.

THE flashes went off, and Sally looked at the bill, and handed it right back. "I can't accept this," she said.

"I never heard of such impertinence," Nina gasped.

"I appeal to the commissioner," Sally went on, and turned to the desk. "Please ask Miss Clementine the valuation of this jewelry."

"Answer the question," the commissioner directed.

"I don't understand," Nina stammered. "The bracelets are extremely valuable, of course."

"What are they worth?" he insisted.

"Twenty thousand dollars."

"Approximately three hundred and eighty thousand lire," said the commissioner to Sally. "I presume you claim your legal reward?"

"That's right," I put in. "Ten per cent."

"Yes," Sally said sweetly. "Ten per cent. Is that correct, Commissioner?"

"Quite correct." He turned to Nina, who was white with rage. "You will pay thirty-eight thousand lire, or two thousand dollars, to Miss Wells."

For a while Nina spoke freely of spending the rest of her life in jail rather than pay Sally a cent, but the Italians take their laws very seriously, and in the end she paid. There was a thousand for me, and a thousand for Sally—enough to buy us a marriage license and a handsome suite from Naples to New York.

After all, Nina had no kick. She owed us the money, and she got plenty of publicity out of it.

Nina slipped Sally a couple of her diamond bracelets while we were going in to see the commissioner of police

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Here's What I Mean

By Rogers Hornsby and Kyle Crichton

Some ball-club owners try to operate their teams as they would a night club or a glue factory. All wrong, says The Rajah. He insists that ballplayers, not business managers who can't play, produce the best results on the scoreboard

PHOTOGRAPH BY LAURENCE A. MONAHAN, COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

Rogers Hornsby (right) is the present coach of the Baltimore Orioles

THEY'VE always said I had no tact, and I suppose they're right. If by having no tact they meant that I wouldn't say "Yes" when I meant "No," they're certainly right. When I ask a man a fair question, I like a fair answer and I always give one when I'm asked. That has gotten me into a lot of trouble and people say I would have been better off if I'd been more diplomatic. But I can't say one thing when I mean another and that's all there is to it.

In doing this article, I'm going to ramble back and forth over the subject of baseball and tell what I think is right and what I think is wrong. That will probably get me in wrong, but being in wrong never bothered me. Baseball is my business and my life, and I'd be active in it even if it meant playing on a back lot. When I see anything coming up that looks as if it might hurt baseball, I say so, and anybody can get sore who wants to.

I think one of the greatest drawbacks in operating a successful baseball club is a business manager who has not had adequate training in the playing end of the game. Baseball has been so successful that quite a few men have been able to be successful as business managers when they did not deserve it. This may seem unimportant to the average fan, but it is a trend in the sport that is likely to grow and if it does, baseball will be changed, and if it loses its high rank due to this, it will be very hard to regain it. I refer to such men as Bill DeWitt of the St. Louis Browns, Larry MacPhail of the Brooklyn Dodgers, and Warren Giles of the Cincinnati Reds. They are fine men personally, but as business managers they have not had training in the playing end of the game. My point is that baseball is a specialized sport and is the same as any other business. To run it successfully you have to be trained in the practical side of it.

It is all very well to paint the ball park and put the players in gaudy suits. But what really counts in baseball is a good ball club and you only get that from men who know baseball.

I can speak on the subject with some feeling because I went through the business-manager thing with the St. Louis Browns. When Phil Ball, owner of the Browns, died, the team was taken over by a group of stockholders, and Bill DeWitt was made business manager. I continued as team manager. Every morning when the team played at home, I'd be at the ball park around nine o'clock. We weren't a good team and nobody knew it better than I did and I was always willing to talk over the game of the day before and consider anything that might build the club up. But that led to a row eventually because Bill DeWitt began to interfere with the running of the team. He had his own ideas about whether a player was good or bad, whether he was doing his best, whether he shouldn't be benched, etc. As an illustration, at San Antonio during spring training, DeWitt jumped out of the stand one day and ran out on the diamond and started talking to a pitcher.

"Let me see your fast one. . . . Now your curve," said DeWitt.

Well, there's only one way a ball club can be run; either the manager runs it or they get a new manager. I told DeWitt that. Naturally he didn't like it and he didn't like it later on when I insisted that he keep his hands off the ballplayers. If an infielder boots one and we lose a game, it's not the business manager's cue to bawl him out. If the team manager lets the players get the notion that he's merely a yes-man, that's the last of his authority with them.

If DeWitt had been a practical baseball man, we could have sat down and talked the thing over and he could have expressed his opinion and I could have come to some agreement with him on a player's ability. But unfortunately a man who has not played baseball rarely has the ability to judge players.

Don't get the wrong idea about what I'm saying. There are business managers who also happen to be old baseball men, such as Ed Barrow of the New York Yanks and Eddie Collins of the Boston Red Sox and Branch Rickey of the Cardinals. If I were working as a manager under such men, I'd be glad to talk things over with them and ask their advice. I wouldn't let them run my ball club on the field and would want to know about trades, but I would know at least that I was talking with men who knew as much about the game as I did. A man may be a great pencil-pusher and yet not be a good baseball boss. Bill DeWitt was secretary to Branch Rickey of the St. Louis Cardinals and I'm sure he's good at business details, but when it gets to a point where baseball is being run by public accountants and theatrical managers, it will be a bad time for baseball.

No More Dress Parades

You hear a great deal about showmanship, which is also a lot of bunk. It's all right to bring color into baseball so long as baseball itself is the main attraction; but when it's a matter of baritone solos between innings, and brass bands and marching elephants on opening days, it is not only the bunk but it may be the end of a great sport. Do you think it's color that makes Joe DiMaggio a great attraction? As a matter of fact, DiMaggio is credited with having very little personality. He is quiet and not temperamental on the field. All he does is powder that ball—which is enough and always has been enough. You can't popularize baseball by painting the balls green or by using midgets in the outfield.

In my opinion, one of the things that has hurt baseball was the starting of the synthetic double-headers by Sam Breadon of the Cardinals. The Cards had just won the world's championship and were at the top of their popularity, and Breadon celebrated that by omitting the Monday game so he could have a double-header on Sunday! The practical and successful baseball men have fought this for years, because all it does is help the situation temporarily. It made St. Louis strictly a week-end town. The team would play to a handful week days and get the real crowd on Sunday, when the spectators would have attended anyway.

I have respect for good baseball men like Clark Griffith of the Washington Senators and Connie Mack of the Philadelphia Athletics and Branch Rickey of the Cardinals. When I was on the Giants I never had a word of dispute with John McGraw, a great manager. When he was sick I ran the team and we had a winning streak that almost won the pennant.

When I came up with the Cardinals in 1915, they paid me $200 a month, which is about $1,200 a year. They raised that after a while to $1,500. The second year they paid me $2,500 and in the third year I got $4,000 and finished second in batting in the National League. Even in those days I would have been getting at least twice that much from the New York Giants or the Chicago Cubs, and offers were being made for me, but when the Cards refused them I didn't kick. I went on playing the best I knew how.

In 1925 Branch Rickey *(Continued on page 52)*

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The Runaway

By Kathleen Norris

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ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT

The Story Thus Far:

BECKY GIBSON, who lives with her mother and father and four brothers on a ranch near the little California town of Sailetts, makes a startling confession to her mother: She has decided to jilt Joe Feratta, the young lawyer to whom she is engaged, and marry Gavin Flood, just as soon as Flood—heretofore an aimless wanderer—can support her.

For years Mr. and Mrs. Gibson have shared a secret: Becky is not their daughter. Her mother, "Mrs. William Davis," had, for reasons of her own, paid a young couple—Mr. and Mrs. Frank Smith of Chicago—twenty thousand dollars to take charge of Becky, change their name, and move to California. The Smiths—now the Gibsons—had adopted Becky. Now, at last, Mrs. Gibson tells Becky her history.

Another shock awaits the girl. She learns that Gavin Flood is seriously ill in San Francisco. Without the slightest hesitation, she goes to him, nurses him back to health, and marries him. Their honeymoon is spent in a two-room apartment, in an unsavory, poverty-stricken section of the city. And, after the first few weeks, Becky is far from happy.

Gavin, she learns, is a charming wastrel. Odd jobs enable him to make a small income, much of which he gambles away. Occasionally, he is out all night.

When, at last, Becky informs him that she will soon become a mother, Gavin insists that she return to Sailetts. And she does return; not, however, until he has promised to go to Hollywood and secure employment as a cameraman in the movies.

While they are separated, Gavin does not write. The baby—to be christened Spencer Gibson Flood—is born. Then, after several months have passed, Gavin shows up. He makes a feeble attempt to convince Becky that, due to this and that, he had found it impossible to keep in touch with her. He seems confident of the future, refers (rather vaguely) to various "swell jobs" he is considering.

To Becky's dismay, however, he appears to be in no hurry to take one of the jobs. He seems to be quite content to idle away his time as the guest, with his wife, of the Gibsons. But, conscious of his weaknesses, knowing that he is irresponsible, lazy and untruthful, it is not until Becky learns (quite by chance) that he has been borrowing money from Mr. Gibson that she begins to think of divorce.

One thing is certain, she finally decides: She must leave the ranch, find work. She discusses her problem with Mrs. Gibson. "If other women have taken care of themselves and their babies," she says bravely, "I can do it."

VII

BECK," said her mother, "don't give up yet, dear. You've had a terribly hard year since first you knew the baby was coming. But what's a year out of a lifetime, Beck? Thousands of women have to endure conditions just as hard, year out and year in—"

"Not with their husbands doing nothing!" Becky interrupted hotly. "Not when they are shamed before everyone they know, everyone they love! Not when they haven't a penny to spend—even for safety pins and bus fare!"

"Thousands of 'em, Beck. And worse."

"Well, I'm not like them!" Becky said, her breast heaving. "I'm not going to let one mistake—one man—spoil my life for me! I—I'll do something—*something*—"

There was a silence. It was Becky who broke it, impulsively.

"Mother, *you* don't think we'll get anywhere going on like this?"

"No, Beck," Sarah answered slowly. "I see how hard it is for you, dear. I see what you mean. It's hard for all of us. If things go smoothly then Gavin is so pleasant—amusing the boys and playing dominoes with Dad. And if there's the slightest criticism—"

"When was he rude to Dad?" Becky asked from a moment of brooding thought.

"Well, he said something like—Dad doesn't talk much, you know, and he only gave me the impression that Gavin said something like what was his daughter and her child worth to him. 'If I go, they go,' I think he said, something like that. It made Dad feel very bad. He said to me that he didn't see how we could—could get Gavin to take his responsibilities seriously. The minute we criticize him he gets so mad."

"The minute I talked nonsupport he'd get a job, some sort of a job," Becky said. "I'd be advised kindly by some domestic relations judge to give him another trial. Don't expect me to say what I think of myself for letting us all in for this," she added with sudden passion. "I think it all day long, you know that! I suppose it was love. It was what fool girls of twenty think is love! And the worst of it is," she added, her cheeks suddenly reddening, "the worst of it is that when he puts his arms around me, and says, 'Ah, Beck, we love each other, give me another chance!' the horrible part of it is that I—I—"

"I know," her mother said hastily, as one avoiding pitfalls. "That's only natural, Beck. You're his wife, and whatever your reason says, it's natural for you to forgive him. Beck," *(Continued on page 26)*

Becky's protest was met by the interne's definite "No, we've got to get him over there right away"

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A Girl Named Dora

By Quentin Reynolds

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

When Rodney Roberts saw Dora Almy, he forgot all about the rules and played a hunch

NOW, la-deez and gentlemen, I have the honor to introduce the singing sensation of the season, that lovely little la-dee, that delightful singer of songs, Miss Dora Almy."

That's the first time Rodney Roberts and I saw Dora Almy. Rodney had taken Carrucchi for a big bundle the night before and we had stopped in to collect. Carrucchi owned The Five Hundred Club. Carrucchi was all right. He was a good gambler too; not as good as Rodney, but then no one was as good as Rodney. Carrucchi had one fault. He played hunches. Rodney played percentage.

She stood there for a moment in the spotlight and she looked very small and alone. Then she sang. When she sang you leaned back in your chair and relaxed and everything was all right.

Carrucchi leaned forward and whispered, "She's got a great trick. She swings ballads. She softens them up. . . ."

Rodney said, "Ask her over for a drink."

Carrucchi hesitated and then he said slowly, "She ain't a girl that you ask over for a drink unless you know her. But when she's finished, I'll see."

She looked just a bit resentful when he led her to our table. She wasn't accustomed to being brought in to meet the customers.

"These are two old friends of mine, Rodney Roberts and Johnny Chester," Carrucchi said a bit anxiously. "Will you sit down and have a drink with us, Dora?"

She nodded and sat down. She looked a little surprised when Carrucchi introduced Rodney. I guess she expected him to look different. Probably she didn't expect the biggest gambler in New York to be a slim, good-looking guy about thirty-two.

"It's kind of you, Miss Almy," Rodney said.

"I'm hungry. May I have a sandwich?" She looked inquiringly at Rodney.

"Have a lot of sandwiches," Carrucchi beamed. "Have a lot of caviar sandwiches and some wine. Have something expensive. This robber took me for plenty last night and I want him to run up a big check tonight."

"I'll have scrambled eggs and Irish bacon," she laughed. "Bacon that comes from Ireland must cost a lot."

"You have the loveliest voice I ever heard in my life," Rodney said in his curiously flat voice.

She turned to him with a laugh on her lips and she was going to make some flip remark but when she saw Rodney's face she didn't laugh. He was very solemn and she knew that he had meant it. It confused her a little.

"Rodney," I told him, and I couldn't keep the contempt out of my voice, "do you realize that the show is closing tonight?"

"Well . . . well, I'm glad you liked it," she said a little breathlessly.

Carrucchi sighed. "It is too lovely. I am losing her soon. Freedland is going to star her in his new show. He's putting on a big musical next month."

"With what?" I said bluntly. "He's broke." I had seen Freedland lose seventy thousand dollars three nights before in a stud game. I remembered his saying ruefully, "I dropped a perfectly good musical show to you gentlemen tonight."

Carrucchi nodded. "I heard he took a bath the other night."

Dora Almy looked up bewildered. "He took a bath? Where?"

"Over at the Savoy." Carrucchi smiled. "When a gambler loses a lot of money we say he has taken a bath."

"Were you pretty anxious to be in that show?" Rodney asked.

She raised her head and smiled ruefully.

"Singing in night clubs is not much fun." She patted Carrucchi's fat hand. "If you have a voice you want to give it a bigger audience than you find in a club. For years I've studied and dreamed about the time when I'd get a chance to star in a good musical. Now it looks as if the one chance I had is gone. That is, if what you say about Freedland is true."

"I heard he found a backer today," Rodney said in his flat voice. "I imagine you'll hear from him tomorrow."

"Well, I hope so," she said with relief.

RODNEY didn't say much from then on. I talked a lot with Dora but I found that I was getting nowhere fast. Pretty soon she said it was time for her to go home.

"Could we drop you off?" Rodney asked.

She smiled. "No, thank you."

Then she was gone. We sat there not saying anything because her leaving had taken something away from the table.

"Is Miss Almy married?" Rodney asked after a time.

Carrucchi shook his head. "She isn't even interested in anybody. She is serious about this singing business. She'd make good, too, if she got a chance. Is that on the level about Freedland finding a new backer?"

Rodney nodded. "Heard it this afternoon."

We said good night to Carrucchi and left. Rodney's car was waiting and he told the driver, "The Alton."

The Alton is probably the finest gambling house in New York. As we went into the lobby Rodney said, "Get Freedland on the phone."

"It's two o'clock, Rod," I protested.

(Continued on page 35)

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THIS PART OF "DUDE" RANCHING IS O.K. WITH LEE THURSBY

"Lee, I've been trying to decide what it is I like best about Camels—their mildness, or that good Camel taste. Camels agree with me in so many, *many* ways!"
"You and me both, Miss Alice. There's so powerful many things to make Camels different. In this 'dude' ranching business I've got to have my nerves in shape *all* the time. Camels don't get my nerves ragged. Whenever hustling gets me played out, a Camel gives me a swell 'lift' in energy. There's more pleasure to Camels. Our guests seem to go for Camels too!"

HERE IT LOOKS MIGHTY PLEASANT being host at the Malibu "Dude" Ranch and starting guests Betty Campion and Alice Carver on the trails. But ask Lee Thursby about the other side of the picture—the endless, exhausting task of keeping 35 restless "dudes" busy, amused, and fed! You bet Lee has a favorite cigarette, and, above, he tells Miss Carver why. It's *a preference with a reason!*

BUT WHAT YOU DON'T SEE ABOVE IS THE TOUGH, NERVE-STRAINING SIDE OF KEEPING A BUSY "DUDE" RANCH GOING

Lee Thursby has got to have steady nerves. He smokes Camel cigarettes. He finds Camels are so mild that they never get on his nerves!

BACK TO THE REAL GRIND of "dude" ranching, Lee Thursby, assisted by "Shorty" Kelley, hefts another big load of grub from the chuck-wagon. Cartons of Camels too? You bet! Lee knows that his guests feel as he does about smoking Camels during and after meals. In fact, Lee speaks for millions of smokers all over America when he says: "After my 'chuck,' I smoke Camels 'for digestion's sake.' Camels give me that 'everything's-hunky-dory' feeling — another reason why I say, Camels set me right! Believe me, 'I'd walk a mile for a Camel!'"

•

Camels are a matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS —Turkish and Domestic

Copyright, 1938, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

PEOPLE DO APPRECIATE THE COSTLIER TOBACCOS IN CAMELS

THEY ARE THE LARGEST-SELLING CIGARETTE IN AMERICA

ONE SMOKER TELLS ANOTHER:

"CAMELS AGREE WITH ME!"

What cigarette for the men who *grow* and *know* tobacco? "Camels!" say these leading tobacco planters

"I *know* the difference between tobaccos that go into various cigarettes," states tobacco planter Joe R. Galloway. "Year in – year out, my extra-fine grades have gone to Camels, including the best of my last crop. Camels are the smoke for me – and for most other growers!"

Tobacco grower Lee Mason is well qualified to *know* what cigarette has finer tobaccos. He says, "I sold the best lots of my last crop to the Camel people. This has happened many times—with other planters too. I smoke Camels, as most planters do in this tobacco-growing country."

"My best baskets of tobacco were bought by the Camel people," declares planter Edward Thompson, who knows every phase of tobacco growing. "And," Mr. Thompson adds, "over and over that's the experience of most of my planter friends. So, like me, they smoke Camels."

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Voice of Conscience

Continued from page 16

"you could get Los Angeles to hold onto him for two months."

"I got brainworkers in this office," the sheriff said. "Regular brainworkers." But he turned to the phone and said, "Get me the police headquarters at Los Angeles."

While the sheriff was waiting for the call to be put through, Macomber turned ponderously, the seat of his pants sticking to the yellow varnish of the chair, and looked out at the deserted street, white with sunlight, with the tar boiling up in little black bubbles out in the road from the heat. For a moment, deep under the fat, he couldn't bear Gatlin, New Mexico. A suburb of the desert, a place for people with tuberculosis. For twelve years he'd been there, going to the movies twice a week, listening to his wife talk. The fat man. Before you died in Gatlin, New Mexico, you got fat. Twelve years, he thought, looking out on a street that was empty except on Saturday night. He could see himself stepping out of a barber shop in Hollywood, with barber's powder on his face, walking lightly to a bar with a blond girl, thin in the waist, drinking a beer or two, talking and laughing in the middle of a million other people talking and laughing. Greta Garbo walked the streets there, and Carole Lombard, and Alice Faye. "Sarah," he would say to his wife, "I have got to go to Los Angeles; on state business. I will not be back for a week."

"Well . . . ?" the sheriff was calling into the phone. "*Well?* Where is Los Angeles?"

Ninety dollars, ninety lousy dollars. . . . He turned away from looking at the street. He put his hands on his knees and was surprised to see them shake as he heard the sheriff say, "Hello, is this Swanson?"

HE COULDN'T sit still and listen to the sheriff talk over the phone, so he got up and walked slowly through the back room to the lavatory. He went in, closed the door and looked carefully at his face in the mirror. That's what his face looked like, that's what the twelve years' listening to his wife talk had done. Without expression he went back to the office.

"All right," the sheriff was saying, "you don't have to keep him for two months. It was just a suggestion. I'm sorry he's crying. Is it my fault he's crying? Maybe you'd cry, too, if you were going to jail for fifteen years. . . . I'll call you back. All right, by six o'clock. All right, I said. All right."

The sheriff put the telephone down. For a moment he sat wearily, staring at the chipped and dusty mouthpiece. He sighed, and turned back to the telephone. "Get me the county treasurer's office," he said.

Macomber walked over to the door and looked out across the street. He saw his wife sitting at the window of their house up the street, her fat elbows crossed, inertia in every line of her body. He looked the other way.

He heard the sheriff's voice, sounding distant and indistinct, talking to the county treasurer. He heard the county treasurer's voice rise in anger through the phone, mechanical and shrill. He heard the receiver slam on the other end of the wire. Coldly he watched the sheriff put the phone down.

"Macomber," the sheriff said, feeling his deputy's eyes on him, hard and accusing, "I'm afraid Joan Crawford will have to get along without you this year."

Macomber shrugged. "It's not my business," he said. "Only I think we can't let criminals laugh at New Mexico enforcement."

"All right," the sheriff shouted. "Do something. I don't have to call back until six o'clock! You got three hours to see justice done. My hands are washed." He sat down and put his feet on the desk. "If it means so much to you," he said, as Macomber started through the door, "arrange it yourself."

MACOMBER passed his house on the way to the district attorney's office. His wife was still sitting at the window. She looked at her husband out of her dry eyes and he looked at her as he walked thoughtfully past. No smile lit her face or his; no word was passed.

Macomber walked on, and turned into Gatlin's main street.

He went into the huge Greek building that the WPA had built for the county of Gatlin. As he passed down the quiet halls, rich with marble, cool, even in the midafternoon, he said, looking harshly around him, "Ninety dollars . . . ninety lousy dollars."

"If he wasn't serious, would he call me 'thou'?"

BARBARA SHERMUND

In front of the door that said "Office of the District Attorney" he stopped. He stood there for a moment, feeling nervousness rise and fall in him like a wave. His hand sweated on the doorjamb when he opened the door. He went in casually, appearing like a man carrying out impersonal government business.

The door to the private office was open a little and he could see the district attorney's wife standing there and could hear the district attorney yelling, "For God's sake, Carol, have a heart! Do I look like a man who is made of money? Answer me, do I?"

"All I want," the district attorney's wife said stubbornly, "is a little vacation. I'll lie down and die if I have to stay here another week." She started to cry, shaking her carefully set blond hair.

"All right," the district attorney said. "All right, Carol. Go ahead. Go home and pack. Stop crying. For the love of heaven, stop crying!"

She went over and kissed the district attorney and came out, past Macomber, drying the tip of her nose. The district attorney came out and closed the door and leaned against it wearily. "She's got to go to Wisconsin," he said to Macomber. "She knows people in Wisconsin. There are lakes there. What do you want?"

Macomber explained. The district attorney sat down on the bench against the wall and listened with his head down.

"What do you want me to do?" he asked when Macomber finished.

"It would only cost ninety dollars. If you said something to the county treasurer; if you made a protest . . ."

The district attorney stood up.

"If the county treasurer wants to save money, I say, 'That's the sort of man we need.' Somebody has to save money. Somebody has got to do something else besides supporting the railroads."

"It's a bad precedent; a guilty man . . ." Macomber said a little louder than he wanted.

"Leave me alone," the district attorney said. "I'm tired." He went into the inner office and closed the door firmly.

Macomber swore softly to the imitation oak door, and stepped into the marble hall.

OUTSIDE he walked down the burning sidewalk, his feet dragging. His stomach stretched against the top of his trousers uncomfortably, and he felt a little sick, remembering his wife's cooking. In Hollywood he would sit down in a restaurant where the stars ate, no matter what it cost, and have light French dishes, served with silver covers, and wine out of iced bottles. Ninety lousy dollars. He walked in the shade of store awnings, sweating, wrenching his mind to thought. "Damn it, damn it!" he said to himself because he could think of nothing further to do. For the rest of his life, in Gatlin, New Mexico, with never another chance to get even a short breath of joy. . . . The back of his eyes ached from thinking. Suddenly he strode out from under the awning, walked up the steps that led to the office of the Gatlin Herald.

The editor was sitting at a big desk covered with dust and tangled copy. He was wearily blue-penciling a long white sheet. He listened abstractedly as Macomber talked, using his pencil from time to time.

"You could show the voters of Gatlin"—Macomber was leaning close over the desk, talking fast—"what sort of men they got serving them. You could show the property owners of this county what sort of protection they can expect to get from the sheriff, the district attorney and the county treasurer they put into office. That would make interesting reading matter, that would, letting men who committed crimes in this county go off saying, 'Nuts to you!' at law enforcement here. If I was you I would write one hot editorial, I would. For ninety lousy dollars. One expression of opinion like that in the paper and the sheriff's office would have a man in Los Angeles tomorrow. Are you listening?"

"Yeah," the editor said, judiciously running his pencil in straight blue lines three times across the page. "Why don't you go back to being the third deputy sheriff, Macomber?"

"You're a party paper," Macomber said bitterly, "that's what's the matter with you. You're afraid."

"Yes," the editor said. "You hit the nail on the head." He used the pencil again.

"Aaah!" Macomber said, turning away.

"The trouble with you," the editor said, "is you don't get enough nourishment. You need nourishment." He poised the pencil thoughtfully over a sentence, as Macomber went out.

MACOMBER walked dully down the street, regardless of the heat beating solidly down upon him.

He passed his house on the way back to the office. His wife was still sitting there, looking out at the street that was always empty except on Saturday night. From the other side of the street, Macomber regarded her. "Is that all you have to do," he called, "sit there?"

She didn't say anything, but looked at him for a moment, then calmly glanced up the street.

Macomber entered the sheriff's office and sat down heavily. The sheriff was still there, his feet on the desk, and the second deputy.

"Well?" the sheriff said.

"The hell with it." Macomber dried the sweat off his face with a colored handkerchief. "It's no skin off my back." He loosened the laces of his shoes and sat back as the sheriff got Los Angeles on the phone.

"Swanson?" the sheriff said into the phone. "This is Sheriff Hadley of Gatlin, New Mexico. You can go tell Brisbane he can stop crying. Turn him loose. We're not coming for him. We can't be bothered. Tell him to take a deep breath when he gets outside. Thanks." He hung up, sighed as a man sighs at the end of a day's work. "I'm going home to supper," he said, and went out.

"I'll stay here while you go home to eat," the second deputy said to Macomber.

"Never mind," Macomber said. "I'm not hungry."

"Okay." The second deputy stood up and went to the door. "So long, Barrymore." He departed, whistling.

Macomber hobbled over to the sheriff's swivel chair in his open shoes. He leaned back in the chair, looked up at the poster, "Wanted, for murder . . . four hundred dollars," lit now by the lengthening rays of the sun. He put his feet into the wastebasket. Without surprise he felt tears like a hot tide in his eyes. "Damn Walter Cooper," he said.

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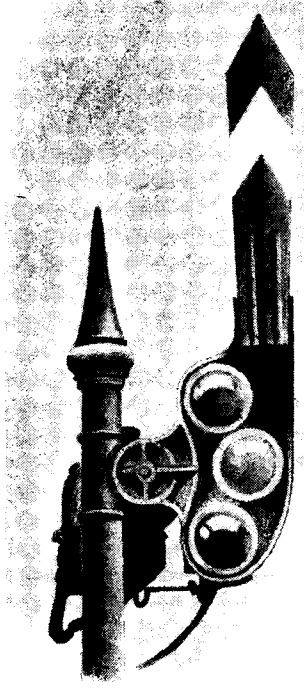
Let's Clear the Tracks



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There are in this country now 781 passenger runs, totaling 46,242 miles, made at 60 miles per hour or over, with an unparalleled safety record.

Freight moves faster than ever before. Car shortages have become almost unknown. Freight schedules are the most dependable in history.

Yet the railroads today are confronted with a serious problem. What's the reason?

Is it "high rates"? Most emphatically not. The average revenue for hauling a ton of freight a mile has been less than a cent for the past six years—the lowest rates in the world for comparable service. And average revenues per passenger mile in 1937 were the lowest in history.

Is it "watered stock"? No—the amount of railroad stocks and bonds outstanding is less by billions of dollars than the investment in railroad property; and is less, in relation to investment, than it was thirty years ago, when railroads were at the peak of their prosperity.

Is it an increasing burden of debt? No—the total debt, in relation to investment, is also far less than it was thirty years ago.

Is it an increasing burden of interest charges? No—in relation to what they collect for their services, interest on bonded indebtedness is less than it was three decades ago, when the railroads were making money.

All right, then, what *is* the difficulty?

Simply this: like any individual, the railroads must keep expenses lower than income. But when their income is down—as it is now because of general business conditions—the railroads cannot trim sail in the way an individual or other businesses do.

They cannot shut down like a factory—because they are delivering a service vital to America.

They cannot adjust their rates or "prices" except by permission of public regulatory authorities.

They cannot adjust rates of pay and hours of work—the major element of their expense—except under the provisions of the Railway Labor Act.

Their earnings are limited, their expenses increased by local, state and federal laws—ranging from reduced rates on government traffic, in return for land grants to railroads whose pioneering opened up a wilderness, to the cost of rebuilding bridges when streams are "improved" to assist competing transportation.

So the net of the "problem" is this—the railroads are trying to do business under a half-century accumulation of laws, rulings and regulations which limit earnings and increase costs.

What they most need is a chance to go ahead under regulation and legislation modernized to meet conditions today, applied fairly and equally to all forms of transportation.

SAFETY FIRST—*friendliness too!*

ASSOCIATION OF
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The Runaway

Continued from page 21

Sarah asked, suddenly off on another topic, "did you ever tell Gavin what I told you about yourself? About your mother, and your being adopted?"

"No," Becky said, her quick look riveted on her mother's face.

"You're sure of it?"

"Positive, Mother, why?"

"Because there was money given us, Beck, spent long ago, of course, but it meant this home. It meant California, for us. I wondered if he knew."

"No." Becky's thoughts went back across the months. "No. You see he was dying, or almost dying, when I got there," she said. "We had no chance for any privacy or confidences. Then we went to the horrible Tevers place—that's the woman who drank or doped or both—out near the park. And I was homesick there, and I remember crying myself to sleep thinking that I didn't really belong to you and Dad. I didn't want to think about it myself, much less have him ever remind me of it! And then," Becky went on, somewhat hesitatingly, "from the beginning I knew that if he heard of any money—money that was spent long ago in giving me the happiest childhood any girl ever knew—" she faltered, and was still, tears thickening her voice.

"You were afraid he might ask for it?" Sarah finished the sentence for her.

"I don't know. He'd have no claim."

"Becky," her mother said suddenly, as one coming to a resolution, "you know my white gloves that Daddy brought me home for Ida's wedding. You know, I wore them about four years ago and I haven't worn them since?"

"I remember!" Becky laughed shakily.

"Well, there they are. They're in my lower drawer at the back, beneath my mother's Spanish shawl. And in them, Beck, are five twenty-dollar bills. I won them in a newspaper contest years and years ago—you remember?—and I've never found anything good enough to spend 'em on. If you ever really need them, I mean if Gavin should get a promise of a job and you should want to go— Now, don't cry, Beck. Why, what else would a mother want to do with her money except spend it on her children?"

Becky's head was down on the desk; her face was buried in her hands. Sarah stroked the bowed bright hair for a moment. Then she went upstairs to change her clothes and peep in on Gibbs, who was stirring.

AND again the days took up for Rebecca their unending throbbing undertone. What can I *do?* What can *I* do? What *can* I do?

And again Gavin slept late, shaved, bathed, dressed himself carefully, drifted downstairs to an eleven-o'clock breakfast, sat reading the paper and amiably discussing the news for half an hour, got a lift uptown from Becky on her way to market, or sauntered to catch the noon bus.

Sometimes he did not come back for dinner or went away immediately after it. Then he might not be home until three or four o'clock in the morning if he came home at all. If he went with some of the men to San Andreas or Stockton, he might not put in an appearance until breakfast time on the following day, when he would be heavy with sleep and stumble upstairs after his second cup of coffee to fall heavily into bed. At such times Becky's wisest course was to make sure that Gibbs did not disturb him because Gavin's shouted angry protests over the baby's "infernal damn' racket" upset the whole household while they lasted, and upset her mother and herself for the entire morning. But all the while furious arguments went on in her soul; all the while she was mentally battling with Gavin, flinging at him the long-repressed bitterness, the scalding reproaches, the raging condemnation that seethed eternally in her heart.

ONE very hot afternoon Becky and her mother went into town to see Judge Miller. Judge Miller was fat, good-natured, fond of fishing, of a mild poker game, of sitting back in a broad-tipped revolving chair in his office swapping stories with his contemporaries.

Joe Feratta worked in Judge Miller's office, the judge's own son having failed repeatedly to pass his bar examinations, but Joe was in Sacramento now, watching the famous Chet Dark case. Becky knew there was no danger of an en-

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

counter with him on this particular afternoon.

She had dressed herself as coolly as she could. Sarah wore her aged black grenadine made over into simpler lines and deprived of its once impressive sateen lining, but both women looked hot and pale with the heat when they went into the cool big office and faced the lolling fat old man. He seemed pleased to see them.

They talked weather and lake fishing and the sudden widowhood of the judge's daughter Jean, who was coming home with the two little girls, and then Sarah, who was very nervous, said abruptly:

"Judge, this girl wants to talk to you. She's in real trouble."

Becky's eyes, fixed on the old man, filled with tears, and her lip trembled as she said:

"It's Gavin, Judge."

Judge Miller swung about in his chair, leaned so far back that the spring creaked, fitted fat finger tips together and shot a glance over his big-rimmed spectacles at Becky. And suddenly, and with an unpleasant little chill, she knew that he was going to lecture her.

"Wha's trouble, Becky?" he said, with his favorite fatherly air.

"Everything!" Becky answered with a forlorn laugh. "He's just—not anything," she went on, weakening with every word. "He's not working, he goes away and I don't know where he is, he's—well, not—satisfactory!"

"Ain't satisfactory, eh?" the judge said, narrowing his eyes. "Not satisfactory. Well, I don't know how many of us are, Becky. We're a pretty poor lot, we men, ain't we, Sarah? I s'pose that's why they put it into the contract, 'better or worse,' eh?"

SHE hated him. With all her heart Becky hated him, the big, fat, comfortable, smiling old man. What did he know of the burning needs of a woman of twenty-two, longing to be protected, to be sheltered, to have a home for her child, to have some support for her pride and dignity?

"Got t' the point where you want to talk divorce, eh, have ye?" Perry Miller asked. Sarah looked stricken, shutting her lips tightly together. Becky's color rose under her transparent brown skin.

"I *have* to, Judge," she said feebly.

Sarah had tried to brace her for this meeting, had told her that she must speak up, make her case strong. But it was very hard, especially as Becky was inclined to cry, here and now, in the very preliminaries.

"Oh, toe-toe-toe, now! Maybe 'tain't so bad," the old man said, good-humoredly soothing, as if speaking to a small child. "Le's look into this. Sometimes we get all riled up—hot weather—nerves, eh?"

"Gavin hasn't treated Becky right from the very beginning," Sarah put in firmly. The judge moved a fountain pen with a fat hand on the desk blotter, puffed his lips out into another unconvinced, "Oh, toe-toe-toe, toe, now!"

"Wha's trouble?" he said again. Becky began to speak, more bravely and composedly this time. She had been married for almost two years. In that time Gavin had gambled, had borrowed money, had left her for five months without any knowledge of his whereabouts, had come to her mother's home to idle, to borrow more money—

"You ain't been married two years!" Judge Miller said, looking up.

"Well, in November it'll be two years."

"*But 'tain't but August now, Becky.* Now, looky here," said the old man with an air of reason, "I don't know's you want to get any divorce from Gavin. He ain't been any too successful, but most of us kinder racketed around when we were kids, and it didn't keep us from settlin' down. What d'*you* think of this, Sarah? It ain't goin' to help Becky with her old friends here if she kicks this feller out."

"Things can't go on as they are, Judge," Sarah persisted. "It's just getting so we can't any of us stand it. It's money, money, money, and it's gambling—"

"Don't drink, does he?" The judge looked up shrewdly under bushy great white eyebrows.

"No. He isn't a teetotaler," Sarah admitted grimly, "but you couldn't say he drank."

"Drink's bad," the old man said, shaking his head. "Yes, sir, that's bad. If a feller gets drinking hard—I have the women in here all the time—"

He rambled into reminiscences of divorce cases, repeated at length his advice to the injured parties. The heat of sunset attacked the blind at the western windows like an army with banners.

"Now, Gavin come in here yesterday—or maybe 'twas the day before," Perry Miller presently said, returning to the case in point. "He kinder suspected that you's thinking of something like this, and he dropped in and we had quite a talk about it."

"Gavin came to see you?" Becky asked, incredulous.

"Yes, sir. Sat right in that chair where you're sittin'."

"But—but he didn't want a divorce?" she stammered.

"No, sirree bob!" Judge Miller answered with an air of triumph, an air of having trapped her. "That's just what he *don't* want, Beck. He wants his wife and his child and his home, same's any other man. Why, you'd feel ashamed," the old man went on, dropping his voice to an affectionate and reproachful note, "knowin' you as I do, and knowin' your folks, I just know you'd be ashamed, Beck, if you could have heard him talk, and seen the tears in his eyes. 'I've not been much credit to her,' he says; 'she married me when I was just about dyin' of pneumonia; she stood by me, and I haven't had much luck since. I was to Arizony, and workin' down there in the movies when my little boy was born, and I just couldn't wait to get up here and see him, and see my wife,' he says. 'She ain't got no right to divorce me for non-support,' he says. 'I'm lookin' high and low for work—at Jackson and Placerville and Sonora and everywheres.'

"You'd a-felt sorry for him, Beck. Ain't it Scripture teachin' to give him another chance? I'll tell you what you do, Becky. You and your mother go home and think this over."

WHITE-FACED, silent, Becky descended with her mother to the street and the car with smoldering rage in her heart.

"The old fathead!" she stormed.

"Well, he didn't help us much!" Sarah agreed disconsolately. "There was a time when May Miller was just about ready to divorce *him,* to hear her talk," she added darkly.

"What he feels for himself is the *grande passion,*" Becky said viciously. "We could see Ike Lansing."

"I don't know," Sarah said dubiously. "Ike takes such terrible cases."

"But a divorce case is just a divorce case, Mother."

"Oh, no, it isn't, Beck. Not when one of the parties is a man like Gavin. He might get ugly, and then you wouldn't know where you were."

"Well, we won't go today—" Becky conceded, turning the car toward the home road. The unending question began in her heart again: What shall I do? "There can't be any fix so bad that you can't get yourself out, Mother," she presently said. "What would *you* do?"

"I suppose just—let it go on—" Sarah began hesitatingly. Becky made a sharp sound of dissent, and shook her head, without moving her eyes from the road ahead of the motor.

"It might go on forever," she said.

"Oh—I don't think so." But Sarah's tone was one of doubt.

Nothing more was said. The evening

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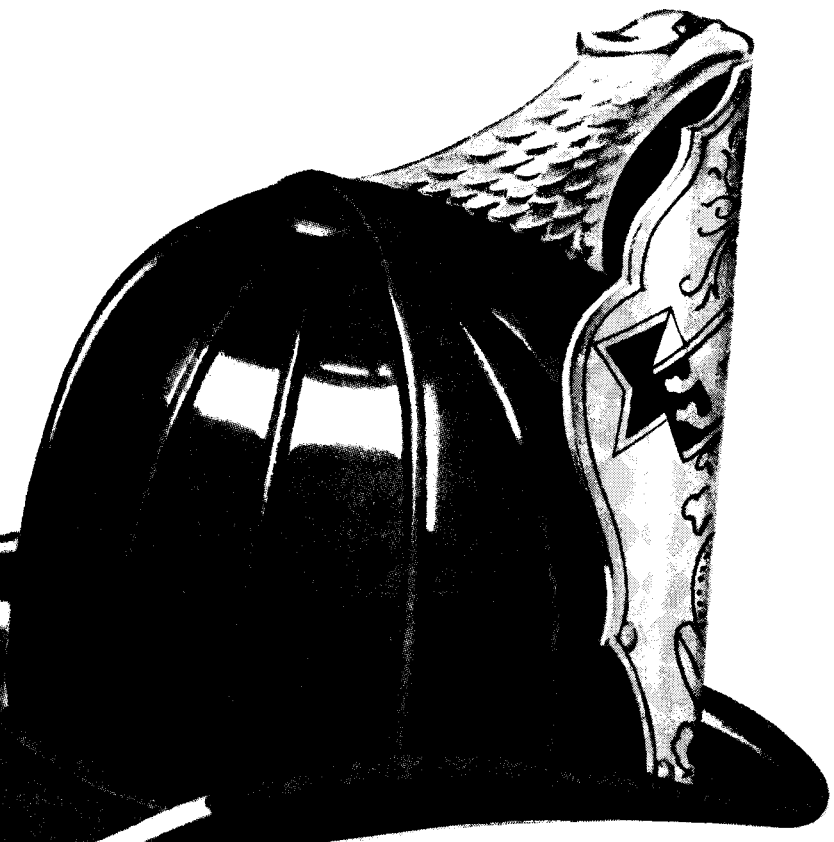

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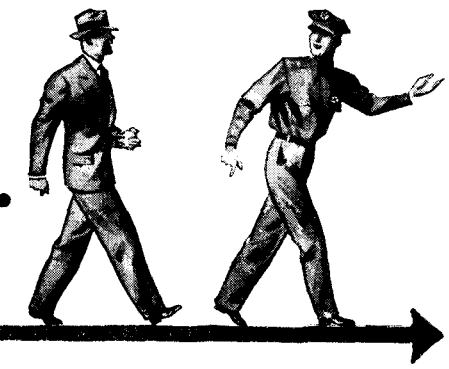

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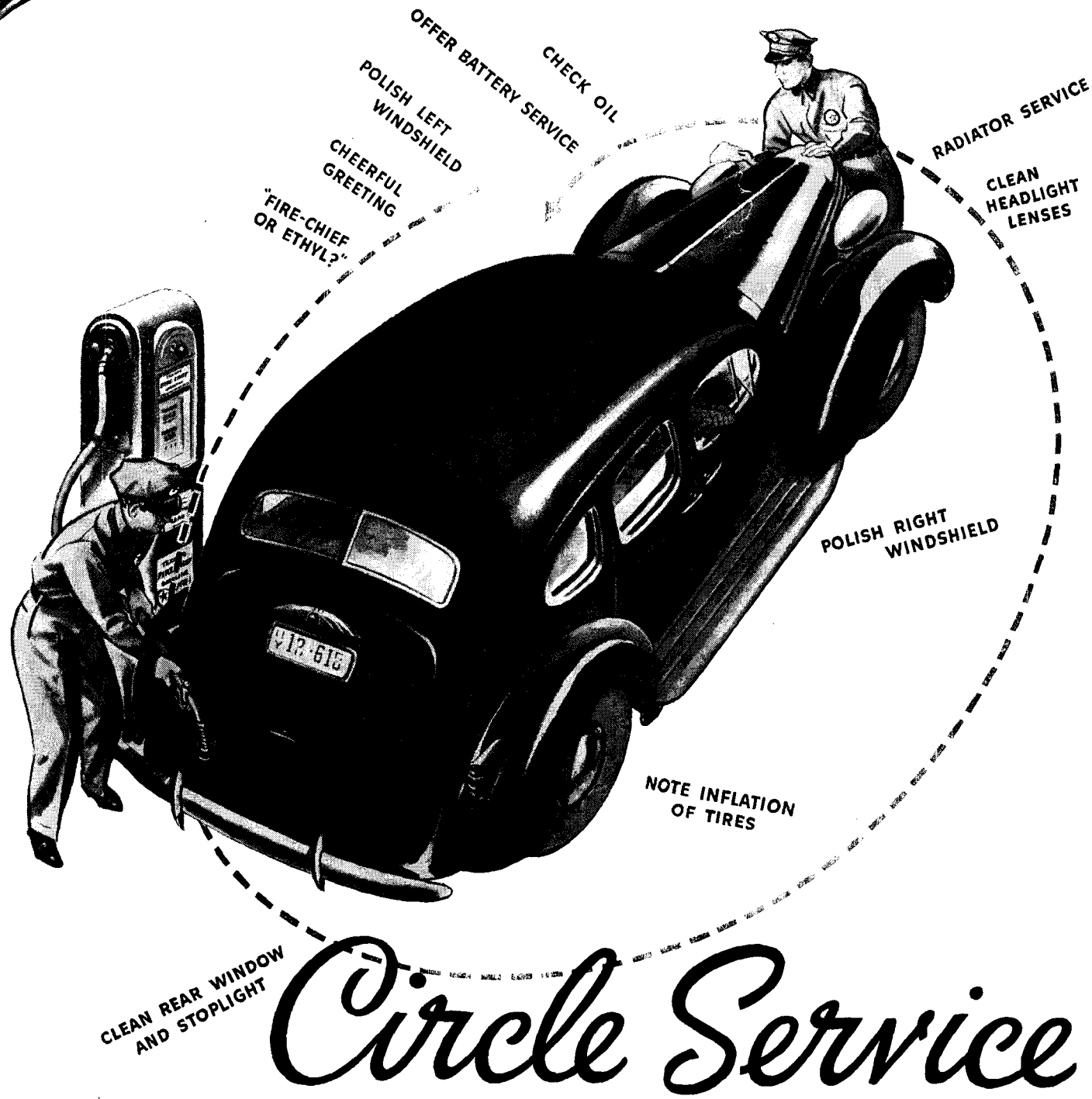

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went on its way like all their evenings.

But a night or two later the crisis came.

They were talking in their room before dinner, Becky and Gavin, when something that he said made her face him suspiciously with the sudden almost frightened question: "Gavin, you've not borrowed money from Joe Feratta?"

Gavin was lying across the bed with the pillows piled under his head. He had been idly watching Becky as she settled the baby off for the night, with a sponge bath, a bottle, cereal, the inevitable change of raiment. Gibbs looked his sweetest in his clean little flannel nightgown, with his sun-tanned face fresh and clean and his damp dark hair combed smooth.

"What makes you think I did?" Gavin asked, unalarmed.

"What you said," Becky said in a voice of steel.

"What'd I say?"

"Then—just then. You said that you wished you had Joe's money, that his pocketbook was filled with twenties. You said, 'I'd like to get hold of a few, and my note with them.' "

"Did I?" Gavin asked, seemingly amused. But she knew from his tone that he was chagrined at having betrayed himself. "Well, I've been kinder rambling on here about Joe because I think he's a mutt," he added, "and I think he gets all the breaks."

BECKY, the child in her arms, came to sit on the side of the bed. Her eyes were tragic.

"Gavin, you didn't borrow money from him!"

"Hell, why the heck not?" Gavin demanded, hunching himself up on the pillows to face her better. "He's got it."

"You didn't!" Becky said.

"Oh, I happened to run into him. I was coming out of Miller's office. The old man is *for* me, see? He says that as long as you came home of your own free will to have your baby, and your folks won't put me out—I'd like to see them try it!—you haven't got any kick coming. I ran into Joe in the hall and told him we'd been having a hard time—Why not? It's true, isn't it? He had a crush on you and he'd do anything for you. Shucks, I'll pay him back. Men do these things all the time, don't think anything of them. He'll get his money—"

Becky was not listening. She was breathing hard: her face red. She had carried the child to his crib, kissed the back of his little neck, put him on the smooth sheet and pinned his blankets snugly.

"Sh-sh-sh!" she said sharply to Gavin. "Keep quiet now, until he's off."

"I'm sorry I told you," he said sulkily. Becky spoke in a sharp whisper.

"If you get the baby roused you'll have to stay up here with him!"

Gavin got to his feet, put his arm about her as she opened the hall door to go down to dinner.

"Don't be mad at me, Becky," he said.

"I'm not mad," Becky assured him wearily, indifferently.

Three nights later, fifteen minutes before the late bus went through to Jackson, Becky sat at the kitchen table, writing a brief letter. A packed suitcase stood beside her. Gibbs, shawled and blinking and pleased with the novel procedure, was on her arm.

"My own dearest Mother, I am running away again—"

BECKY ran up two flights of narrow stairs scented with boiling onions, dirty clothing, unwashed bodies, filthy kitchens and garbage barrels. She opened a certain narrow doorway on the third floor and was at once in a cold kitchen in which with other kitchen furnishings there was a couch bed. The room was dark in the late December afternoon. A thin woman in a wrapper, who had been bending over the couch, turned to look at her as she came in.

"How is he?" Becky flung off her coat and hat, sank to her knees beside the couch, and laid her cold hand over the hot little hand of the baby whose dark head was moving restlessly on a pillow.

"He's awful sick," the woman said in a whisper.

"I don't know—" She wouldn't believe it. Gibbs, quite himself only a few days ago, just a "little upset" yesterday, couldn't really be ill today. The leaden weight that had tugged at her heart all through the long day in the shop, sank deeper, heavier. Gibbs was sick.

"HE OUGHT to be in a hospital," said Mrs. Devvins of the floor below.

"My darling—" Becky said in a low hoarse tone to the baby.

"You've got a cold yourself," said the other woman.

"Yes, I know. I gave it to him, I think. Thank you for watching him," Becky said. She had ice and orange juice in a cup now; she put the drink to the child's lips, her arm supporting him, her voice tender in his ears. "Drink a little, my darling. It will make you feel better," she murmured.

The other woman stood watching. The room, which was one of two composing the apartment, had two narrow windows on a crowded street in a Bronx cross street, near Bergen Avenue. The street was grimy and dark, and the house darker and grimier. There seemed to Becky no light in the world.

"Mis' Gibson," said Mae Devvins, "how'd you happen to come to New York?"

"Oh, New York sounds so good, to girls anywhere else!" she said in an abstracted undertone. She sat down beside the couch as she spoke, and laid a cloth wrung out of ice water on the baby's forehead, brushing back his rich black hair as she did so. "I had a chance to come," she added. "A woman wanted to send her little girls to their father who lived here. She didn't mind my bringing Gibbs, and it seemed a great chance for me. That was two years ago. I got my fare and two hundred dollars; I was sure I could get along. And I did get a job right away. I'd had some experience; I can always get along. Last winter wasn't so bad. But then I began to get so tired—summer tired me horribly, and the woman I was boarding with didn't want the responsibility for Gibbs; he got too active. So I came here and things"—her voice thickened—"things haven't gone so well," she added in a low tone.

"Or at least," Becky went on, with a desperate flicker of her old gallantry, "things were all right until I got this last cold, and then he got it. I think if the *weather'd* get warmer," she said impatiently, her fingers continually touching the child's forehead and his wrist as if she were unwilling to believe their testimony, "I think if once we could get *warm*—"

"Oh, it's awful," the other woman agreed in the pause. There was a moment of forlorn silence in the forlorn room.

"Do you think we ought to have a doctor, Mrs. Devvins?"

"Well, it's two dollars. And all he could say is to keep him quiet. That's all he said about our Johnny. I had him once on the Monday and then the day before he died."

"I'm afraid I was daydreaming—what did you call that last one?"

ROLAND COE

Becky felt a chill run down her backbone like the tip of an icy finger.

"Where's your folks, Mis' Gibson?"

"California."

"Hard up?"

"No. We lived on a ranch." Oh, spreading oaks and warm home comfort and blue winter skies! "But I've cost them enough," Becky said, on a bitter note. "I've failed them; I've hurt them where they couldn't strike back, because they loved me. And that's why—last summer, and this winter when things have been so bad for Gibbs and me, I couldn't wire them, I couldn't ask help! I was afraid that if I went back he'd show up again. There'd be no peace for any of us. I couldn't do it! But now," she finished, almost inaudibly, laying her cheek for an instant against the child's burning cheek, "I'd do anything. I'd not have any pride, now."

"AIN'T the store open tonight?" the other woman asked, after a silence.

"They want me back tonight," Becky said. "But I can't leave him! My God, I don't know what to do!"

"He'd be well took care of in the hospital," said the visitor.

"I haven't the money!" Becky whispered, no eyes except for Gibbs.

"They'd take him free at the Lincoln."

"In a ward," Becky said, and shuddered. "No, I couldn't do that! His mother couldn't do that to him!"

Mae Devvins stood silent for a minute, watching. She had three children of her own belowstairs: Pete, Loretta and a baby Gibbs' age called Buddy. Gibbs and Buddy had played for many hours together in her odorous kitchen. Becky paid her three dollars a week for the six-day accommodation, and knew that Gibbs would have the same affectionate if insanitary and slipshod care that the small Devvinses had. But now for three nightmare days Gibbs had been alone upstairs, tended only when Mae could steal a few minutes to run up to him, give him a drink, straighten his bed covers.

"They wouldn't let me see him in the hospital!" Becky said.

"Haven't you any religion at all, don't you ever pray?" the other woman presently asked unexpectedly.

"No, never. Prayer," Becky said, not looking over her shoulder as she opened a can of soup at the sink, "didn't save your oldest little boy."

"No." Mae was perhaps nonplused for a moment. But presently she said bravely: "But I've sometimes thought God's hand was in that, too, that Johnny should go before he ever knew what sin or sorrow was. My brother Johnny lived to be a terrible heartscald to my mother and all of us. If he hadn't died of the pneumonia Johnny might have gone to Sing Sing. Well, they won't ever get my little Johnny there!"

"I wouldn't pray now if I'd been praying all my life," Becky said. "I wouldn't want Them—whoever's up there—to notice me. To decide that my innocent beautiful baby would be better off—safer—somewhere else! What *cruelty!*" She interrupted herself, fell silent, and once more went to lay her hand on Gibbs' forehead. "He's not sleeping, really," she whispered, speaking half to herself; "he's just heavy with the fever."

"JUST the same, if you went down on your knees and said the 'Our Father,' " Mae Devvins persisted mildly, "you'd get up from your knees feeling better, whatever happened. And if you said it every hour, or every ten minutes from now until ten o'clock, you'd sleep and maybe he would, too. And maybe he'd be better in the morning. It isn't the things that happen to us, it's the things we think are going to happen to us that drive us almost crazy," she finished simply.

Becky, pouring milk from a bottle into a small saucepan, looked at her sharply, struck by the simple philosophy.

"Anything that could keep me from—from tearing my heart out about him tonight," she said; "anything that could keep him with me would seem to me a miracle tonight! But I don't know the Lord's Prayer, not all the way through—I don't think I do—and I don't believe in miracles."

"There's miracles just the same," Mae Devvins persisted, without heat. "If you was to say maybe only one prayer you'd change your ideas, and you'd let me run over to the drugstore and telephone Lincoln Hospital. It's pneumonia, that's what he's got. I know, because 'Retta had it. 'Retta and Frank had it over one Christmas. They won't move him if it's pneumonia, but they'll take good care of him here."

"Charity," Becky whispered. "I don't mind for me. I don't mind anything for me. But it doesn't seem fair to him. What's he ever done that he should be a charity patient?"

"Well—" Mrs. Devvins said, departing. Becky made a quick step to arrest her with an outstretched hand.

"I do thank you!" she said. "No money would ever pay you for what you're doing. If I go back to the store in

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a few minutes will you run up and see him now and then?"

"Oh, sure. I'll lay down on your bed in there, when I've cleaned up after supper," Mae said.

"And will you—seriously, I mean this, will you pray for him?" Becky asked, a shamed little flush rising to her tired, colorless face. "I don't know how."

"You don't have to know how; it's just ask and receive," Mae told her, going on her way.

Becky drank her bowl of hot creamy soup, ate two slices of buttered toast, found a chocolate bar. Then she tried to tempt Gibbs with the iced orange juice again, sponged the hot little face.

After that she washed her own hands and face and ran a comb through the brush of her gold-brown hair. And then, quite suddenly on her knees beside the couch, her hands gathering together the child's burning hands, she groped tearfully for the first real prayer of her life.

"Our Father who art in heaven—forgive us our trespasses—if You really are anywhere help me to find You—oh, God, help me to find You! Forever and ever, amen. Our Father who art in heaven—"

She knelt for a long time, incoherently repeating the jumbled words and phrases, shutting her eyes and turning her face up to the ceiling, opening them to bend her anxious adoring look upon the child who was all her world.

On her feet again, she reached for her coat, ran downstairs and into the ice-cluttered, feebly lighted street where poverty brooded all day and all night, pushing sickness and crime and fear and suffering into their predestined places.

The drugstore was warm, and pleasantly scented with peppermint and cigars and rubber. Becky turned the pages of a telephone book worn into a tattered ball tied on a chain. Instantly she was being answered by a pleasant female voice.

"We'll send right away. We'll send the ambulance, but if the doctor thinks it is a home case they'll leave him there. In about twenty minutes I should think. There'll be no charge."

RUNNING back to Gibbs' bedside, Becky felt a strange lightening of her heart. Much bigger persons were going to share her responsibility. The office nurse had sounded kind, concerned. Someone else was going to care that the precious spark of life that meant Becky's life as well as Gibbs' was held in the small fever-thinned body.

While she waited she knelt down again by the bed, prayed again.

"Oh, God, please make what I am doing now the right thing. Oh, God, help me to find You and give me back my little boy. Oh, Gibbsy—Gibbsy—do you know me, my darling? This is Mummy. Mummy's taking care of you. Oh, God, make him well and get us out of here—get us home to Mother—"

The thrilling clang of the ambulance and the intrusion of a white-clad interne and two stretcher bearers so enthralled the entire tenement that Becky and Gibbs found themselves with an escort when they went down to the street. Gibbs rolled in a blanket was muttering and feverish; he made no objection to the strange arms, the strange voices. Becky's one feeble protest against the hospital was met by the interne's so definite, "No, we've got to get him over there right away," that she offered no further objection. It was only hopelessly that she asked if she might ride with the child. The lifesaving, pain-saving, colossal machinery of the biggest city had little Gibbs Flood in its grip now, and no one was particularly concerned for the quite usual and expected fears of his mother.

"Jump in," the interne said, after a glance at the tawny-headed woman with the gold eyes burned deep into a white face. Becky went along, saw Gibbs carried away from her in a group of strangely interested white-clad folk of both sexes, sat in a brightly lighted, drug-scented receiving room talking to a handsome woman on whose desk a metal triangle announced, "Margaret Cole, R. N., On Duty."

Margaret Cole took data: Father: Gavin Flood, 33. Mother: Rebecca Gibson, 24, separated, using her maiden name. Spencer Gibson Flood, born in Salletts, Calif., in April almost three years ago. Dates. Weight. Age.

"Can I see him?"

"I think you'd better not wait tonight."

"WOULD you find out if he's pretty sick? If they think—"

"I'll have Doctor Dinsmore come down." Miss Cole telephoned, murmured unconcernedly yet conscientiously. "She's worried," Becky heard her say.

Doctor Dinsmore did not come down. But a pleasant young nurse did, told Becky to telephone in about an hour and she would have a full report, assured Becky that children's temperatures didn't mean much; "although he's a pretty sick little boy."

Could Becky pay a little something? Indeed she could. That would mean better care? No, just the same care. She opened her purse, found she need only sign a card instead. She went out into the night.

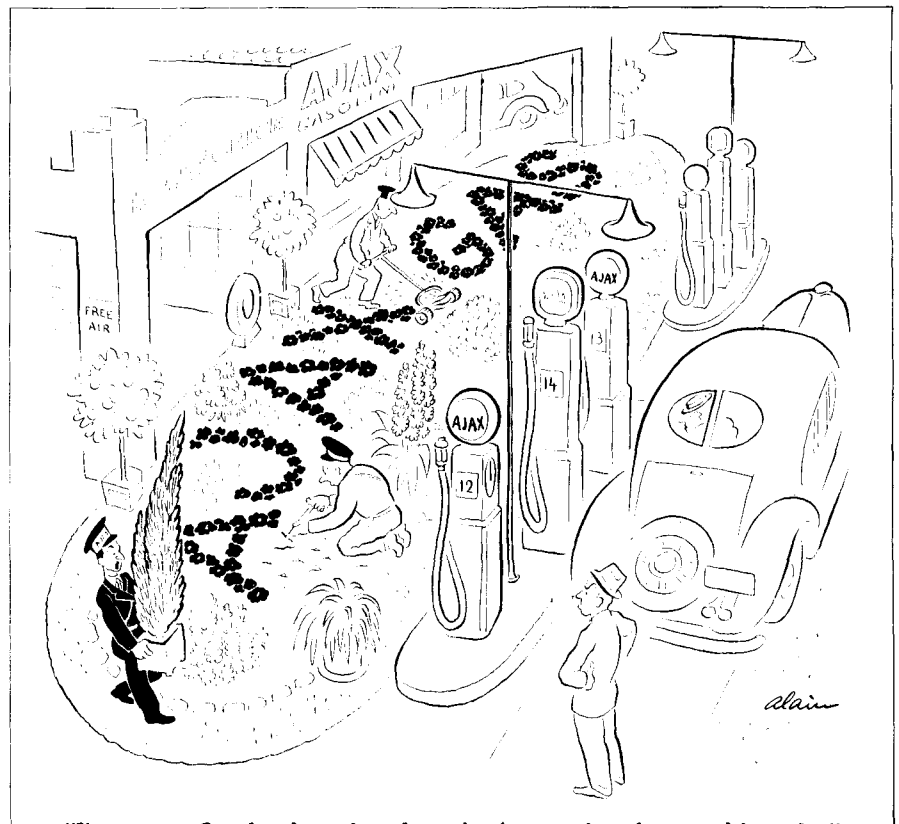
It was quarter to eight. She should have been at Rheingolder's at seven. But there was a shift that went off for dinner at seven and came back at eight; by walking fast she could get there and slip in with that group. If she were found out she would be found out, that was all, and probably discharged. Or, since Christmas was close she might be only fined; girls at Rheingolder's were fined for absence without leave, seventy-five cents an hour or for any fraction of an hour, although they were paid only three times that for the nine-hour day.

Some of the smartest girls, however, Becky among them, almost doubled their salaries by selling "plugs," and handling difficult customers by breaking in at the hopeless moment on the sales of other girls with suggestions, flattery, good salesmanship. When she did this, the second girl got two per cent of the sale and the original saleswoman nothing. But no supersaleswoman could break in on a sale unless sent to do so by the floorwalker, so the girls felt no personal resentment against the "takers," as they were called, and saved their biting criticism for the system.

Tonight Becky reached the bedlam that was the immense department store a few minutes before eight, entering by the great damp cement-smelling basement and, because Miss Tinney's eyes were upon her, boldly advancing to the time clock and punching against number 544 the eight-o'clock slip that should have fallen at seven o'clock. They might discover it and they might not.

She slipped into her own department: little girls' dresses. It was buzzing with women pulling the cheap little frocks in every direction, considering the blue with the collar, the red with the belt, the green with the glass buttons.

Becky went to and fro under the blinding lights, her arms piled high. She lost her sales book, discovered it, lost it again. Her pencil broke; she borrowed Miss Blum's knife. Miss Blum was in a frightful state of worry because she feared she was going to have a baby. Becky's heart was lead thinking of her own baby in the strange big smelly ward, perhaps shouting, "Mom!" this minute in a hoarse little feverish voice.



"I'm sorry. Our landscaping doesn't give us time for anything else"

ALAIN

NO ONE came up to ask her why she had checked in at eight instead of seven. Becky prayed for Gibbs, prayed that she would not lose her job, found herself absorbed in this new secret business of prayer. Her thoughts came back with a jerk to Gibbs again, but she had had the moment's lightening of spirit.

"Pray without ceasing." Where had she heard that? You could hardly pray without ceasing. Or could you? "Oh, God, help me to find You."

At half past ten, aching in every limb, her head stupid and heavy from air thick with the smells of woolens and cheap dyes, Becky went downstairs again and asked Miss Tinney if she could charge a telephone call.

"They took my little boy to the Lincoln tonight; I came out without my purse. Pneumonia. I just wanted to ask. I'm to ask for branch—I've got it written down, and ask for Doctor Lichtenstein."

"For the Lord's sake, I'll lend you a nickel. And I'll ask Ma to pray," Josephine Tinney said. "You poor thing."

Becky waited, waited. The report came. The little Gibson boy was asleep; he seemed more comfortable. He hadn't cried at all; he'd been just a little angel.

"Oh, God bless them; he's warm and safe and at least they're watching him!" Becky said, tears running down her face as she walked bareheaded under the cold stars on her way home. Her heart was strangely light and comforted; the fresh sweet air was doing her good; the bitter despair and anxiety of only a few hours earlier had disappeared.

Had she found God? She did not know. She only knew that when despair and doubt and fear touched her she could banish them by plunging blindly into prayer—any sort of prayer. And in the days that followed she resorted to prayer often.

And strangely, strangely, the eternal magic worked, and she was comforted, comforted even when Gibbs was still very ill, when she went home to the empty rooms and opened for herself a can of soup, and pressed her aching bare feet hard—hard against the cold iron of the sink props to cool them, and read her book. When her mind wandered, when fear crept into it to shake her to the soul, it was always there, the prayer that she thought meant nothing to her and that meant so much.

"Oh, God, help me."

THE eighth day after Gibbs had been taken away was a Sunday, and she could go to see him in the hospital. She had crept in every night for a report; she had telephoned every day; but he was better now; there was a joy in this meeting that Becky had never known in her life before.

Gibbs was lying languid on a pillow; he was pitifully thin, and his big eyes seemed to take up all his face. But his small hand was cool, and the forehead that Becky's lips touched was cool. She sat beside him talking quietly, telling him his favorite story of the white rat that was good and the black rat that was bad, and he listened with all his old absorption, sometimes supplying details with vigor: "So his mommy din give him any ice cream?" or "And hurted his leg so it bleeded?"

"Mrs. Gibson," a nurse said. Becky turned to smile. "Doctor Dinsmore, the head, is here," the girl went on, "he would like to see you for a moment. He took charge of your small boy when he was brought in. He'd like to see you in his office. Fourth floor. I'll show you the way, if you like."

Becky followed, praying as she went. It couldn't be that anything was wrong with Gibbs. Not tuberculosis or anemia— She was so white when at last she faced the famous physician in his office that he made her sit down, and himself brought her a paper cup of water.

"You're all right?" he asked anxiously. Becky sat facing him, trying to smile. But she had been under a heavy strain since the first of the month; the daily hospital visits, the constant concern for Gibbs, the hasty little insufficient meals at home, the long day and evening hours in the thick air of the shop had worn her down. She felt the room spinning slowly about her, and gripped the chair arms for support.

"I'm all right," she said; "but Gibbs, my little boy—? She said he was really out of the woods. She said that perhaps he could come home next Sunday."

"He is. He's made an astonishing comeback. Well, not for a baby, come to think of it. No, he's all right. But now, Mrs. Gibson, I want to have a frank talk with you."

(To be continued next week)

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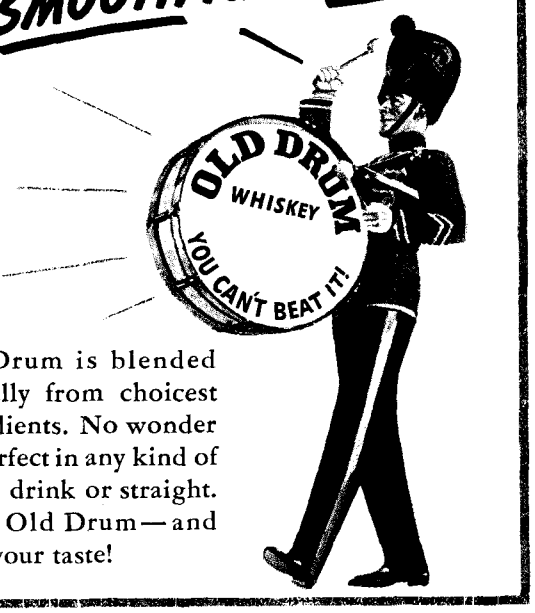

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A Girl Named Dora

Continued from page 22

"So it's two o'clock," he said. "Get him on the phone and tell him he can have anything up to a hundred thousand for that show. Tell him it's between ourselves."

"So it's like that?"

He nodded. "It's like that, Johnny," he said simply.

I got Freedland on the phone. He spluttered all over at being awakened until I told him why I had called. Then he was quiet for a minute.

"What's the catch, Johnny?" Freedland asked.

"There's no catch to it," I said. "I think he just likes you. I'll bring the money over tomorrow. You can sleep on it. It's as good as in your mitt."

FREEDLAND'S show opened six weeks later and Dora was three adjectives better than terrific. We hadn't seen her during the rehearsals. We saw her after the opening, though. Rodney had asked Freedland to throw a party for the cast. Naturally it was at Carrucchi's. Dora sat between Rodney and me and she looked like something that fell out of the sky. Her eyes were sparkling and her whole face was lit with happiness. She was a hit—and without conceit she knew it.

"You have the loveliest voice I ever heard in my life," Rodney said to her gravely.

"You said that once before," she laughed.

"I know," he nodded. "I just wanted to hear it again myself."

When it was all over, he said quietly, "May I take you home?"

She hesitated, and then she said, "Why, yes—"

Rodney saw quite a lot of Dora after that.

Sometimes the three of us would have dinner, but I wouldn't say much. . . . I'd just listen to Dora and Rodney and I'd be thinking, "There's a perfectly matched couple at last. . . ."

When the show hit its one hundredth performance Carrucchi insisted upon having another party. He really loved that youngster, Carrucchi did.

The whole cast of the show was there, and Dora, Rodney, Carrucchi and I sat together again.

Carrucchi said, "Dora, I want to give you a present. You are a big musical-comedy star now; you got to act the part. Tomorrow I want you to buy the best mink coat in town—as a present from Poppa Carrucchi. . . ."

She laughed and shook her head and then looked at Carrucchi. His face was anxious and she knew that he would be hurt if she refused.

"All right, Poppa Carrucchi," she said. "I'll buy the best mink coat in town tomorrow."

"That's my department," I cut in. "I know more about mink than anyone in New York. Let me help you pick it out."

Dora looked at me in amazement. "What does a gambler know about mink coats?"

"I'm not really a gambler. And I know plenty about mink. I was brought up on a mink farm in New Hampshire."

I met Dora the next morning and took her to a small place on Eighth Avenue I knew about.

Dora looked pretty lovely. We walked from Fifth over to Eighth Avenue and the cold wind painted her cheeks a soft peach color and her hair tumbled out happily from under her close-fitting hat.

"It's funny for a gambler to know anything about mink—or is it minks?" she laughed.

"I'm really not a gambler," I said to her. "And even if there are a thousand of them it's mink."

"How did you become a gambler, Johnny?"

I told her all about it, about New Hampshire and my old man and about working in places and then hooking up with Rodney.

"Just what do you do for Rodney?" she asked.

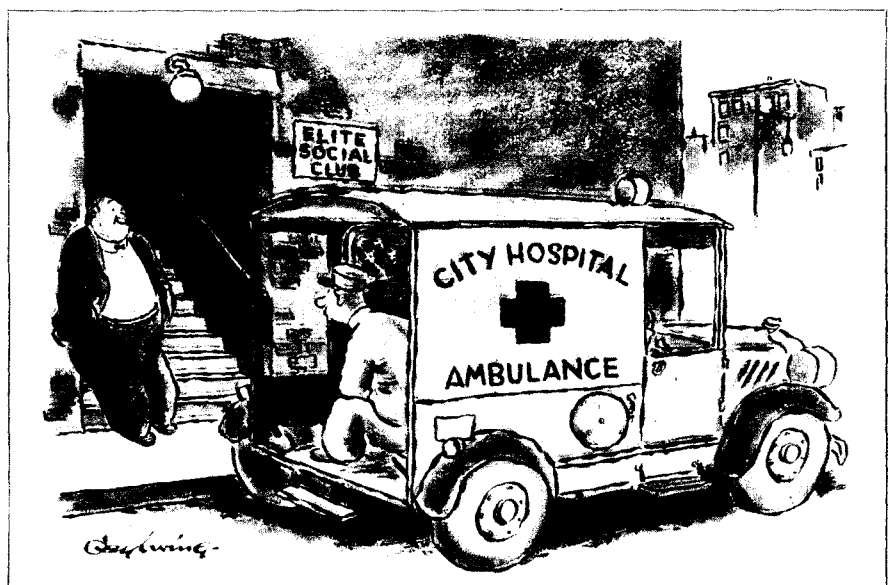
I looked at her in surprise. That was kind of a tough question to answer. Just what did I do for Rodney?

"I just hang around him to see that he doesn't get hurt. When he's tired playing, sometimes I sit in for him."

"You like Rodney a lot, don't you?" she asked.

I nodded, "He's tops. He's the best. He's a right guy." I added: "Everything about him is right. Don't you think so?"

She flushed a little, "I . . . I don't know. He seems to be awfully nice."



"Think you'll have anything for us if we stop around later?"

JAY IRVING

We climbed up two flights of stairs and a salesman came up hopefully. He dragged out a dozen coats. I asked him for some water, some ammonia and a cloth. One coat looked nice. I dipped the cloth in the water, then in the ammonia, and rubbed the sleeve with the cloth. The cloth showed the dye.

"Listen, sugarlips," I told the salesman, "save those coats for the carriage trade. I want a Labrador mink."

"You know about mink?" the salesman said.

"I used to be a mink myself."

Then he brought out a coat. I blew on the sleeve against the hair and small white hairs stuck up. This had never been dyed. I rolled the sleeve into a ball. It was soft, pliable. This was a coat. I slipped it on Dora. I was trembling a little. A thousand mink had died for this moment.

"It's beautiful," Dora whispered a little unsteadily. I liked that. She felt the exquisite beauty of the coat. We took it.

They had to alter it a little and they said it would be ready the next day. When we left, she said: "I told Rodney we'd meet him." So we went and met Rodney and had dinner.

FROM then on we saw a lot of Dora. It got to be almost a routine. We'd pick her up at the theater and then maybe have a bite to eat and a glass of wine and then we'd drive her home to Brooklyn, which is quite a drive, no matter how you take it. It looked like the show would run forever. Freedland had boosted her salary to eight hundred dollars a week and finally she moved to a hotel near the theater. We had a lot of fun, Rodney, Dora and I.

Often I'd have to sit in a poker game playing for Rodney while he went out with her. I can play poker and I did well for Rodney on those occasions. It was funny, though, I'd be playing and maybe looking at a full house in my hand and all of a sudden someone would say sarcastically, "You've been raised, Johnny Chester. Come out of it and play cards."

THEN I'd realize that I'd been thinking of Rodney and Dora. Mostly of Dora, I guess, and her dusky golden beauty. So I'd snap out of it and raise right back. Now and then Rodney couldn't stay out of a big game and then he'd ask me to pick up Dora and take her to supper after the show. We wouldn't usually go to the night clubs. We'd go to some quiet place and we'd talk about things; I'd talk mostly about Rodney.

"Don't you like New York, Johnny?" she asked one night.

"New York is a great place for gamblers and for theatrical people and for taxicab drivers and for bartenders. It's no place," I added gloomily, "for a guy from New Hampshire. Even though he's been away ten years."

She sighed. "Maybe it isn't for me either."

"For you it's great. You've become a star in the best musical show in town. You're all set. Soon you'll be marrying Rodney and then maybe you'll hit Hollywood. You can't miss being a star because you're so darn' beautiful and you've got a voice like an angel and . . ."

I put my hand to my mouth. What the hell was I talking about? This was Rodney's girl. Me . . . ? I was just Rodney's stooge, filling in for him.

"You should write lyrics, Johnny," Dora said smiling. "Go on, it's nice to hear."

"Dora, I didn't mean to shoot my mouth off like that. I mean I didn't mean anything personal. I was just . . . well, you know."

"Yes, I know," she said quietly. "I'm Rodney's girl and you're afraid to be too nice to me. Johnny, tell me how near you are to your stake."

"Well, I've got twenty thousand in the bank. I can swing what I want for fifty thousand." Then we talked about New Hampshire, and the mink farm I planned to buy there.

After I took her home I went back and picked up Rodney. When the game ended we went home—we lived together—and got to talking.

"It's none of my business, Rodney," I said, "but when are you going to marry Dora, or are you and if not why?"

He lit a cigarette and said, "Do you know the show closes next week?"

I looked at him sharply. "No, I didn't know that. What will Dora do then?"

"When I find out I'll tell you," he said slowly, looking at me out of those calm eyes. "Maybe she'll go to Hollywood." He stood up and put his cigarette out and said, "And maybe, Johnny, she won't."

"Well, I wish you luck. You know I'm for you."

"I know you're for me, kid."

I went to bed but I couldn't get to sleep for a long time. I'd kind of gotten used to seeing Dora around. It would be too bad if she went to Hollywood.

The show was to close on Wednesday. There was a matinee that afternoon.

"I think I'll drop into the dressing room to have some dinner with Dora after the matinee," Rodney told me.

"Okay, where will we eat?"

"You don't have to bother, Johnny," he said, looking straight at me, and somehow I sensed that something important was going to happen. "I'll meet you at the Savoy about eight. Bob Minton is in from Detroit looking for some action. Get Goldie and the boys. We might have a nice game."

So I called up the boys and found four that wanted to play. With Rodney that made five. We were all there in the Savoy waiting for Rodney when he came in. Rodney was a handsome guy all right. Especially in a dinner coat. He came in smiling.

"Only five of us," he said, disappointed. "I like a six-man game, don't you, Minton?"

The Detroit man nodded. "Sure, I feel hot tonight and the more suckers we get the better."

Rodney slapped me on the shoulder. "Johnny, why don't you take a hand tonight? You might get that stake and then you can get the midnight train to New Hampshire."

They all laughed at that. They all knew about me and what a nut I was about my mink farm.

I shrugged my shoulders. Why not? I was a little puzzled though. It was the first time Rodney had ever urged me to play on my own.

"I'll risk five thousand," I told them. "If I lose that, I quit."

WE PLAYED dealer's choice and table stakes. I lost a little and then won a little and it went that way until about ten o'clock.

Goldie dealt and it was stud. I got something I like—deuces back to back. They weren't wild but I'd rather start off with deuces than aces backed up. To begin with, your hand is harder to read. If you raise or stay for a raise, people usually figure you for an ace in the hole. Or of course for two deuces. But they don't know which. My third card was an ace and now I was sitting pretty. Rodney had two jacks showing and he bet five hundred dollars. I raised him five hundred.

He nodded thoughtfully, "Looks like a pair of aces, pally. I won't raise."

"It might be deuces," I suggested. Everyone else had dropped out. My fourth card was an ace and Rodney drew another jack. He bet five hundred on his three jacks. I just saw him. My deuces and aces didn't look so hot.

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"Deal 'em, gambler," I said to Goldie. "And ace me, sweetheart."

Goldie tossed me the last card, face up—it was a deuce. Now I had deuces and aces showing, and that third deuce in the hole. A full house.

Rodney drew a king that didn't look like it helped his three jacks any. Rodney looked my hand over, and nodded sadly.

"Sucker, you've got me beat. I know you've got either an ace or a two-spot hidden there, so pick up the marbles."

I tossed my cards into the middle and drew in the pot. It was a nice one—over four thousand dollars. Rodney tossed his cards in and just for a moment he exposed his hole card. The others didn't see it but I did. It was another jack. I jerked my head up and looked at Rodney but he was yawning.

"I'm getting a little tired," he said.

Well, if he was so careless that he didn't realize that he had four jacks, what was I going to do—play Santa Claus?

It was Rodney's deal now and he called for draw. I had a nice hand to draw to. I had two ladies and a pair of tens. I sat to the right of Rodney, and Goldie who sat to his left opened for three blue chips. They all stayed in and I raised it five hundred. When Rodney raised it five hundred more I didn't think so much of my queens and my tens. No one else raised. Minton, Goldie and I stayed in.

"Looks like we're building up a nice pot, boys," Minton said. "There's many a blue chip in there."

THERE were about sixty of them—that's six thousand dollars. Goldie took one card. I saw him raise an eyebrow just a fraction and I felt that he'd caught his flush. Minton asked for two cards. He didn't change expression. I couldn't read his face at all. I tossed one card in the middle and said, "Rodney, give me one, give me one friendly card."

"Okay, pal," he said, and then he flipped me a card. It lay there in front of me and I didn't pick it up for a moment. I sat there frozen. I'd just seen something that perhaps not ten people in the world could have spotted. I knew that card he had dealt me . . .

Before I could even think or order the thoughts that were whirling in my head Rodney said calmly, "The dealer takes two."

I sat there and I hadn't picked up my card. Now they were all looking at me. I felt a little sick. I'd worshiped Rodney as the squarest-shooting man that ever dealt a card. I picked up my card but didn't look at it.

"You opened, Goldie. Say something." Rodney looked at the moon-faced Goldie.

"These look very pretty," Goldie said. "Might wager, let me say, ten blue chips on the hand, just to keep the pikers out."

Minton tossed in ten and then he said, "Let's make it a real game," and he threw in ten more.

That made it two thousand dollars to me. Then I looked at my card. I looked at it and I said, "Minton is right. Let's get Rodney out of this pot. I'll raise it another stack."

"That's three thousand dollars to me," Rodney mused. "Maybe you're all kidding. I'll see that three thousand and raise it a thousand."

"It's just a friendly game," Goldie said to Bob Minton.

GOLDIE just saw him and now I was sure that he had a flush. Minton hesitated briefly but it was long enough for me. Then I looked at my card. I'd looked at these men playing so often that I could read even what wasn't on their faces.

"I'll raise it a thousand too," Minton said mildly.

"That's my bet," I told them, tossing in twenty blue chips.

"I raise a thousand," Rodney said.

Goldie threw his cards down in disgust. "A flush has as much right in this hand as I would have in Hitler's house."

Minton said, "I am a fool, but just to keep the game honest I'll see you both. Now, Johnny Chester, what do you do?"

The palms of my hands were wet and there was a turmoil in my brain. I felt like screaming something to Rodney.

Instead I yawned and said, "Come on, suckers. I boost it a thousand."

Rodney saw a lot of Dora after that. Sometimes the three of us would have dinner but I wouldn't say much. I'd just listen

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Rodney looked at me speculatively and he pursed his lips. "He must have something. I'll just look."

"So will I," Minton said. "Johnny boy, let's see them."

I laid them down one by one. First one ten, then another ten, then one queen then another queen and finally the last card Rodney had flipped to me, the queen of spades.

"Queens full of tens, that's all," I said.

"Beats my three pretty aces," Minton said. "And Rodney, my boy, what have you?"

Rodney threw a jack down, then another jack and finally a third jack. He held the fourth card in his hand for a moment, I expected of course to see that fourth jack. He threw the card down and it was an eight. He threw the fifth card down and that was an eight too.

"Johnny boy wins all the money," Rodney said quietly, "and a very pretty pot it is, too."

IT WAS a pretty pot. Mechanically I drew the chips in and stacked them up.

"You must live right, Johnny," Minton said, grumbling.

"Spinach. He eats lots of spinach," Goldie chirped cheerfully.

Rodney suddenly said, "Good heavens, Johnny. It's eleven-thirty and I told Dora I'd pick her up at a quarter to twelve. Johnny, please do it for me. Take her to supper and . . ."

"Rodney," I told him, and I couldn't keep the contempt out of my voice, "do you realize that the show is closing tonight? This is a special occasion. Dora will expect to meet you."

"But I'm so far behind, Johnny," Rodney said. "You're way ahead. You go in my place, Johnny. I can't leave."

"I think that's rotten of you, Rodney," I said, getting up.

"Can't let women interfere with cards," Goldie chirped.

Minton said, "There's always girls. There isn't always a card game."

Minton was banking. I pushed my chips over toward him. I felt a little sick. I'd seen an idol of mine do two dreadful things in five minutes.

"I make it just thirty-five thousand dollars, Johnny," Minton said. He counted out thirty-five thousand-dollar bills and I stuck them in my pocket. Thirty-five thousand dollars! I had twenty in the bank. That made fifty-five thousand.

"RODNEY," I turned to him, "I'm not working for you any more."

"Okay, Johnny, run along and meet Dora, though. But don't keep her waiting." He didn't look at me, he just kept on shuffling the cards. The others were quiet. They sensed that something was going on and didn't know what it was.

"So long, Johnny," Rodney said. "Press your luck, kid. . . ."

"So long," I mumbled and walked out.

Dora was sitting in her dressing room. She sat there dusky golden with her hair mussed a little and when she saw me come in she didn't say, "Where is Rodney?" She just said, "Where is your hat?"

"I guess I forgot my hat. I left it somewhere. Rodney is going to be held up for a little while. He said for us to go somewhere and have a bite."

She had a funny look in her eyes. She laughed and said, "Hold my coat for me, will you, Johnny?"

I held her coat and she slipped into it but I kept on holding it. I love the feel of good mink.

"You look worried, Johnny," she said. "Silly, silly boy. Imagine being worried on a night like this."

"That's right," I said; "it's a great night. Lots of luck, Dora. . . . When are you two going to do the love-honor-and-obey act?"

"I'm not going to marry Rodney," she said quietly; "I told him that this afternoon."

I looked at her—the back of her head—in amazement. My hands were still resting on her shoulders.

"But I thought everything was all set."

"Everything is set," she said simply, "but I'm not going to marry Rodney."

I nodded. I thought I understood then. "So you're going to Hollywood?" I couldn't keep a little undertone of bitterness out of my voice. "You've chosen between Rodney and Hollywood and you've picked Hollywood."

"I'm going to Hollywood," she said, and then she hesitated. "I'm going to Hollywood, Johnny boy, when you can look up and see a cold moon that shines down so clearly that the roads look like rivers of spilled milk. I'm going to Hollywood when the air out there is so clear that you breathe deeply and it doesn't go into your lungs, it goes into your heart and your mind and it intoxicates you and you want to laugh out loud."

"It's only like that in New Hampshire," I said not very steadily.

She turned around then and I took my hands from her shoulders. She turned around and she looked up at me and there were tears in her eyes and she put her arms up and put them around my neck. Then she pulled my head down and kissed me.

"If it's like that only in New Hampshire, Johnny boy," she whispered, "then let's hurry and go there, because, Johnny boy, I love you."

"Rodney is my best friend. He trusted you with me," I said desperately.

"I love you," she said softly.

"Think of your career. You have the greatest future . . ." Beads of perspiration were standing out on my forehead.

"I LOVE you," she said and I couldn't stand it any longer. I took a deep breath and put my arms around her and held her close to me and this time I kissed her. I kissed her and my brain was whirling all mixed up with this and that. I kissed her and whispered a thousand things I'd been wanting to whisper since that first night I'd seen her at Carrucchi's, but all the time questions kept popping into my mind. Why had Rodney dealt me that third queen from the bottom of the deck. Had he been trying to cold-deck me? Had his hand slipped and he had given me a queen instead of something he thought was there. What had Rodney meant when he said, "Press your luck, Johnny?"

Someone coughed loudly and I turned around and there was Rodney's chauffeur standing there.

"Mr. Roberts said to give you this." He held out an envelope. I opened it and there were two long blue strips of paper in it and a note. I read the note and then handed it to Dora. It read:

"Blessings on you, my children. I enclose two tickets to Quebec. There is a late train that leaves New York at three A. M. It gets to Harrison at four. The justice of the peace is a friend of mine and, although it's a little irregular, he'll marry you in five minutes. That'll give you time to grab the Quebec train. I hope you'll both be happy. I should have known better than to play a hunch.

"RODNEY."

I looked at Dora and her eyes were starred with tears, happy tears.

"I guess . . . I guess we'd better do what Rodney says." I wasn't talking very steadily.

She nodded. "All right. And on the way to Quebec you can tell me all about how our mink farm is going to look."

I told her on the way to Quebec. I told her that and a lot more but I didn't tell her about Rodney dealing me that fifth card from the bottom of the deck. Anyhow, maybe I was wrong. . . . Why would Rodney want to deal me that winning hand?

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Sundown Corral

By Alan LeMay

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

HIDECAMP cowboys like to tell about what they call the fight at the Sundown Corral; but they get most of it wrong, because the Sundown Corral was no corral at all, but just a hitch rack back of Kelly's, and the fight wasn't there anyway, but all over the town. And they can't tell you why the fight changed Torch Breen as it did, because they don't know.

Torch Breen was a big, hulking figure with a bush of wiry red-gold hair, hardly ever cut; long horse-bowed legs from nearly twenty years, man and boy, spent in the saddle; and the swift, sure judgment of a well-advanced boy of seven. When he was half drunk the red blaze of his hair was matched in his eyes. There was a sort of angry glory about the arrogance of Torch Breen in liquor.

But after his fight with the Kettlesons he hung up his gun, drank seldom and sparingly, and brawled with no one. Later he even married. He married a girl from the East who worked in the kitchen of Kelly's restaurant, had a kid of her own, and called herself a Mrs. Smith. The cowboys, in their innocence of mind, supposed the kid to be Torch's, since both Torch and the kid had red hair. This was untrue. But, anyway, Torch built a cabin on a section of land, and became a thing of the past completely.

His aggrieved friends felt that the Kettleson fight hardly explained it. It was true that throughout the fight Torch Breen had chiefly shown an inflexible determination to get away. Yet even in retreat he had done so much damage, against odds so great, as to make a name for being poison to fool with. No sense in his coming out of it spirit-broke, like that.

Without knowing just how it started, everybody knew that Torch Breen and the Kettlesons were openly on the gun. Still, both sides avoided meeting—until that smoky twilight when Torch Breen, along with Shanty Simms, walked square into the Kettlesons, all six of them, clamped along the rail of the Point-of-Rocks Bar.

Breen's gun jumped into his hand, and there was a mighty long minute of quiet while Torch waited for them to make their play. They made no play.

Torch said, "Come on, Shanty." He kept his gun on the Kettlesons while the two backed out of there. Once outside, Torch and Shanty made a dive for Hawk's store, next door. Just as they made it Guy Kettleson sprang to the door of the Point-of-Rocks; his gun spoke and Breen's answered.

Torch Breen's shot smashed Guy's arm, but Torch and Shanty didn't know that. Shanty shouted, "Every man for himself—there's millions of 'em!" And both ran out the back of Hawk's store, meaning to cut north behind the buildings to the Sundown Corral—that unfenced hitch rack back of Kelly's restaurant—where their ponies were. It was the worst thing they could have done. Buck and Willie Kettleson were waiting for them back there, barricaded behind a pile of whisky kegs. There was a swift fusillade; Buck got a busted leg from a slug that somehow filtered through the barrels, and Willie got his face cut by a jumping splinter. Willie always was easily satisfied.

"Gee!" Shanty whimpered, "we're surrounded!" He and Torch dived into the back end of the Muleskinner Saloon and ran through to the front.

Wham! Dee Kettleson had swung himself up onto the roofs, where he could command front and rear, and as Torch and Shanty appeared in the street he fired over Hawk's false-front parapet.

Both Torch and Shanty returned his fire. As their shots crashed through the flimsy clapboards Dee Kettleson jerked straight upright, pitched forward over the parapet, and rolled down the wooden awning to fall heavily into the street.

"We're done for!" Shanty Simms moaned. "They're everywheres!" Four Kettlesons were out of action now, but Dee Kettleson was the only one Torch had seen fall. Where the other five were he had no clear idea. They ducked back through the line of buildings and turned north again, yearning for the Sundown Corral and their waiting horses.

Boom! Another miracle as Lloyd Kettleson missed. Lloyd, guessing where their ponies were, had placed himself while Torch and Shanty were settling Dee in the street, and now blazed away from cover of a wagon shed. One of Torch's answering bullets ricocheted off Lloyd's gun, breaking three bones in Lloyd's hand. Five Kettlesons out of action! But—

"We're headed off!" Shanty gasped. "Torch, we got to fight through this solid wall of Kettlesons! It's our only hope!"

So they charged straight on this time, from time to time tossing a shot in this direction or that, picking off imaginary Kettlesons. They reached the Sundown Corral, all right.

But Torch Breen went berserk now. He wheeled, facing back the way they had come, and he wasn't in a hurry any more. His eyes had a crazy red blaze as they swept the ramshackle backs of the wood buildings. Nothing moved there at first, anywhere.

Then, in a pile of boxes behind Kelly's restaurant, Torch saw one big packing case move, as if someone stealthily had crept forward to its cover from the corner of the unpainted wall.

Torch Breen blasted a bullet through the box at twenty yards, and would have fired again, but the hammer snapped upon an empty shell. Torch snarled crazily and charged, immune to sense, immune to fear. He snatched the big packing case aside, and his gun barrel flashed up for a skull-cracking hand-to-hand smash. It would have been suicide, and the end of him, if a Kettleson had been there.

NOBODY was behind the box. Torch hesitated, swearing futilely. He started to turn away. Then Shanty Simms saw him freeze. Breen stood motionless, caught in mid-step, almost.

Shanty kept gibbering for Torch to come on; and when Torch still stood there, seemingly unable to hear, Shanty spurred his pony over to Torch, meaning to drag him bodily away. But Shanty also froze when he looked down into the box, forgetting their situation.

In the bottom corner of the box—overturned there when the box overturned—huddled a little girl perhaps three years old. Both thumbs were in her mouth, and she rolled her eyes up at Torch Breen without moving anything else—too scared to move, too scared to cry. Her hair was red, like Breen's, only brighter; and a fingerbreadth above the shine of that hair they could see the forty-five caliber hole Breen's shot had made in the thin wood.

After a couple of moments a woman ran out the back door of the restaurant. It was the woman who called herself Mrs. Smith. She was young, but she was pitifully thin, and she always had a hunted look; and now she looked scared to death too, so that she looked fifteen years beyond her age. She caught up the child, and for just half a second stared at Breen with eyes full of repugnance and terror, then ran back inside.

Torch Breen still stood there, his face the color of something from under a board, so that he looked like a dead man stood up. Even his gun looked dead, dangling in his hand with the look of a lead gun, not meant to be fired; and the hand that held it looked dead, as if unable to lift it, even to put it away. Only his hair looked alive, shining like something burning, in the failing light.

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The Learned Clam

Continued from page 15

his nose and humming "n-nun-n" for five minutes, panting and yawning to develop breath control, and a spot of concentrated mooing, guaranteed to strengthen and mellow his voice. He was in specially good voice that morning.

"Moo-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o."

It was sepulchral, but not unmelodious. He tried it in a higher key.

"Moo-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o."

He stopped abruptly in mid-moo for his eyes had caught a movement of scarlet against the green background. When he saw it was a girl, he turned as red as the scarlet slacks and sweater she was wearing. She stepped out into the clearing. He saw she was too old to be one of the co-eds, too young to be a teacher.

"Are you ill?" she inquired.

"No," said Oliver.

She smiled.

"Oh, I get it," she said. "Just a wee bit drunk."

"No," said Oliver.

She surveyed him critically. "Do you, sometimes, perhaps, think you are a cow?"

"No," said Oliver, and to clinch it added another, and louder, "No!"

"Some men do, you know," she said. She continued to scrutinize him, and he continued to blush.

"No," she said, "you don't look squirrelly. Wait! I have it. You're a zoologist at the college. You're practicing mating calls."

To end the catechism Oliver nodded.

"I'll tell Dad," said the girl. "He likes men who take their jobs seriously. So," she added, "do I."

OLIVER said nothing. He wanted to bolt. And yet, somehow, he didn't want to.

"Going back to the campus?" the girl asked.

"Yes."

"I'll walk back with you," she said. "I'm none too sure of the way."

They scrambled down the slope.

"Lovely country," she observed. "I think I'm going to like it here."

Oliver was glad that she was going to like it there, but had no facilities for saying so.

"I'm an advance scout for Dad," she said. "I came on ahead of him to look the place over and get his house in running order."

Oliver stalked along silently by her side. He had a disquieting suspicion that he *was* squirrelly, whether he looked it or not. How else explain the exigent impulse that swept over him to seize this total stranger, crush her to him, and kiss her till she liked it.

He was wrestling with this foreign and frightening urge, and it was on the point of throwing him, when they emerged from the privacy of the forest to the publicity of the open road, in sight of the spire of the Hubert C. Watt Memorial Chapel.

The girl was chattering on in amiable, friendly fashion. She seemed to be a chain-talker.

"I hope you and the others here will like Dad. He's not a bad old cucumber when you get used to him. But when his ears start to twitch, look out for storms."

At the moment, the infatuated Oliver did not see how the eccentricities of her father's ears concerned him, but he found out presently when they stopped at the door of a sedate Georgian mansion on the town's most elite street.

"Thanks for the walk," the girl said. "Guess I should take it every morning. Fine for the figure. Be seeing you."

She flitted into the house. Now Oliver knew who she was. For he knew that this was the house that had been taken by the incoming president, Nicholas Porter Potter.

THE week that followed was fraught with bright ecstasy and dark despair. On five divine mornings he met Minerva Potter, by a series of elaborately planned accidents, as she swung along the trails up Moonrise Mountain.

At their fifth meeting she invited him to tea at her house. He went. But MacKillop had discovered her, too, and turned up, all aplomb and persiflage. Oliver retreated to a corner.

"Too bad you won't be here next Saturday," said MacKillop. "Witlow is going to deliver one of his celebrated orations."

"I'm so sorry I must miss it," said Minerva.

Oliver murmured that he had some rush work to do, and seeped away.

He sealed himself up in his chamber, and mooed in a low, determined voice. The text of his speech did not worry him. He had composed it with care and the aid of all the textbooks extant. It had unity, mass and coherence, a pat anecdote borrowed from Mark Twain, and a neat peroration. Kenneth Bellingham himself, Oliver felt, would be proud to deliver it. He labored late, cramming up on the precepts that had given Bellingham the gift of tongues. He learned his speech by heart, and repeated it, countless times, with gestures. Since meeting Minerva, something akin to confidence had been born in him.

"I'll show those smug twirps," he muttered, as he donned his new dinner jacket. "I'll knock 'em for a row of Daniel Websters. I'll—" And there he was at the speaker's table. Behind him stood the gift clock, muffled in muslin, ready to be unveiled by the twitch of a string, as a dramatic finale to Oliver's remarks.

Oliver, fortified by the example of Kenneth Bellingham, ate his way through the banquet. He was a picture of composure when MacKillop, the toastmaster, introduced him. Slowly Oliver unfolded his six feet three and acknowledged the patter of applause with a civil leer.

"Ladies and gentlemen! As I sat here, sad at the departure of our beloved confrere, yet glad at his success, I was reminded of a little story Mark Twain loved to tell. It seems there were two Irishmen—"

That is what should have come from him. It didn't. Instead there issued from some cavern deep within him a distinct:

"Moo-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o."

THE astonishment of his auditors was as nothing compared with Oliver's. His stricken face went the hue of pistachio ice.

"Moo-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o."

The sound welled out, unbidden and unstoppable.

He clapped his hand over his traitorous mouth. It was the hand that held the unveiling string. The clock burst from its cocoon like a premature butterfly. Lights and faces swirled dizzily before Oliver's eyes. In his mind there was a worse blur. His speech had left him. There was not the minutest vestige of it left to clutch at.

He began to sway. He surmised he was going to faint, and started on a zigzag dash in the general direction of fresh air. He caromed off the tall clock, gained the great outdoors and was profoundly sick.

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The clock teetered drunkenly for a second or so, then pitched forward. The purpose of the meeting was achieved in simple, direct fashion, for Dr. Dwight Lubbock received his memento squarely across his ample abdomen, and the festivities ended in a tangle of springs, wheels, pendulum and ex-president.

WHAT kept the Foreign Legion from having a new recruit was the fact that spring vacation started the day after Oliver's debacle, and gave him ten days away from the scene of his shame in which to put blowout patches on his punctured morale. He decided not to return to the college, but to seek employment as keeper of an off-coast lighthouse. However, the first day of the new term found him back in his old rooms.

He was surprised, when he stole across the campus, that nobody mooed at him, unaware that his tragedy had been dismissed as a comic mishap, and that it was generally accepted in academic circles that his behavior at the banquet was due to a sudden attack of ptomaine or, possibly, pip. Moreover, the tongues thereabouts were too busy wagging about a whale to have time for a minnow. Nicholas Porter Potter had swum into their sea, spouting.

In his inaugural address, he pointed out in his own polysyllabic way that theirs was an old college, and it was beginning to show its age. He intimated that Alma Mater needed to have her face lifted and that he was the doctor to do it. There was an excellent chance, he said, that a certain generous friend would bestow on the college a very substantial gift in the near future. He had been working on her, and she was almost steamed up to the point where she was willing to sign on the dotted.

They knew he referred to Cora Cooper Watt, Class of '98, a woman in all ways remarkable. No list of the Ten Greatest Living American Women was complete without her name. The legend that she once fought a crocodile for the sheer fun of it is doubtless apocryphal; but her fight for women's rights is history. She led causes with one hand and made money with the other. When her husband expired from an allergy to work, she was left with four young children and a small, bankrupt vineyard. In more time than it takes to tell she became the Raisin Queen, with a side line of oil wells, hotels and newspapers, and became a political figure of national import.

At the end of his address, Nicholas Porter Potter was loudly cheered.

"Nick knows his artichokes, all right," remarked MacKillop. "Already he's put the bee on the grand old babe for serious sugar."

IT WAS an insidious, fancy-turning spring. It steered Oliver Witlow's feet one morning toward Moonrise Mountain. He acted surprised when he met Minerva, taking her constitutional.

"I've missed you, Oliver," she said.

Two hundred yards of silence. Then:

"Oliver, will you come to dinner Monday?"

"Yes. Thanks."

"Dad wants to see you. . . . Seven-thirty. Black tie."

They walked on.

"Now, Oliver, stop looking so scared," said Minerva. "Dad has no shotgun."

The allusion escaped Oliver.

"I happen to know," she remarked, "that Dad is considering you for a piece of work that may lead to a professorship."

"Gee!" said Oliver.

"You rate it. From what I hear, you do most of the work around this kindergarten. You ought to stop the modest violet act and turn tiger lily. Well, you might thank me for boosting you to Dad."

"Oh, I do," said Oliver, fervently. "Minerva—"

"And this one my wife caught—a fact which I am never permitted to forget"

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She looked back at him, steadily, expectantly.

"When I'm a professor," he began.

"When you're a professor you'll do what, Oliver?" she prompted him.

"You'll find out," said Oliver.

DINNER done, Oliver was herded into the library by his host. Nicholas Porter Potter came straight to the point.

"You are to deliver the annual Susan B. Anthony Lecture to the Confederation of Club Women of America at their convention here in June," he announced. "You're an unknown quantity, Witlow. But my daughter, who is far from a fool, speaks of you highly; and Professor MacKillop assures me that when the faculty wants a spokesman it thinks first of you."

Oliver made a mental note to murder MacKillop.

"Between us," said Potter, "much good of a—grumph-ha—practical nature may result from your talk. There will be some two thousand ladies present, many of them philanthropically inclined, and the chairman of the convention is our good friend, Mrs. Clara Cooper Watt. Confidentially, Mrs. Watt has almost decided to present the college with five million dollars. I hope to announce the gift on Commencement Day. Have you ever met Mrs. Watt?"

"No, sir."

"A wonderful woman, Witlow, and a proud one. Her viewpoint is intensely feministic. It would be well to remember that in preparing your lecture. May I suggest a topic?"

"Yes, sir."

"Milestones on the Road to Sex-Equality," declaimed Nicholas Porter Potter. "Or, perhaps, Womanhood Emancipated. If you could contrive to refer to Mrs. Watt as 'a new Lincoln,' I'd consider it a personal favor."

Oliver dismally ogled the rug. He wet his arid lips. "I'll do my best," he said.

"Thank you," said Nicholas Porter Potter. "Shall we join the ladies?"

IT WAS to join the ladies, in convention assembled, that Oliver set forth that June night. His tranquillity was real. He had found a way out of his dilemma, or, rather, Minerva had pointed it out to him.

At her insistence he had called on her and read her his lecture. It was a glowing tribute to women in general and to Mrs. Watt in particular, and he called her not only a new Lincoln but also a modern Moses.

"It's a sweetheart," declared Minerva. "It'll wow Cora and her pals."

"If I remember it," muttered Oliver.

"Why not read it?"

"Gee!" cried Oliver. "Gee! I never thought of that."

"You'll be a sensation, Oliver," she said. "It's swell stuff. I never guessed you thought so highly of women."

"I don't," said Oliver. "That is, I do, and yet, I don't. I mean I don't think so much of *all* women, only some women."

"For example?"

She was only inches away from him on the sofa, within easy pouncing distance. He drew in his breath.

"Minerva," he said, huskily.

"Yes, Oliver?" Her eyes were inviting.

"There's a ladybug on your neck," he said. He got to his feet. "Well, good night," he said. "Time I was in bed."

"Good night," said Minerva frigidly.

He went right home and wrote out a ten-page proposal, and learned it. Next time he meant to be prepared.

But now he must get that beastly lecture off his chest. That is where it was, literally, for the manuscript reposed in the inside pocket of his dinner coat. Almost jauntily, he advanced on the auditorium.

As he passed the Potter residence, MacKillop came swinging along.

"Hi, Ollie!" he called.

"Hi!" returned Oliver hostilely.

"Sorry I must miss your performance," said MacKillop. "But I'm making a speech myself tonight."

He waved a hand toward the Potter house. "To an audience of one," he said. "Suppose I wish you luck and you wish me luck?"

Oliver gave him a glare that was pure potassium cyanide, and plodded on his way.

He was on the platform, embedded in a mass of badge-decked ladies, before the full significance of MacKillop's words hit him. He had muffed his chance with Minerva, and there he sat, losing her, while a chunky lady with a mop of white hair and a hard, humorous face, was sounding off about somebody she described as "a brilliant young scholar and orator, and an able champion of our cause." It dawned on Oliver that this was Mrs. Watt and that she meant him. He could see, in the front row, Nicholas Porter Potter, who sat regarding Oliver with an admonitory eye that said, "You better be good."

Mrs. Watt trumpeted his name. The ladies applauded. Oliver thrust his hand into his bosom to make sure his speech was there. It was.

SLOWLY he stepped to the reading desk, spread out the manuscript, cleared his throat, and made ready to take off. His eye ran along the first line: "The pancreas, or sweetbread, is an organ, or gland, in the human body, situated just south of—"

Oliver frowned and compressed his lips. He saw, with horrid clarity, that he had left his lecture at home and brought a physiology paper, and not even a passing one, at that. He stood for a moment, rocking on his heels, his eyes glassy. Suddenly his lips began to move and form words.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, Honored Judges, My Worthy Opponents."

His voice was not his own. It was a boy's voice which began sentences basso profundo and ended them high falsetto. He stood there, with no more volition than a ventriloquist's dummy, while words gushed from him in alternate rumbles and squeaks.

"The subject of our debate this evening is: Resolved, That women should be given the vote. I take the negative."

HE PAUSED to refill his lungs. There was a distinct stir in the audience. He went on:

"I'm against votes for women because running things is a man's work, and if we let women run things they'd only make a mess of it. I guess you've all been reading in the papers about these suffragists, like this Mrs. Watt, running round and hollering that women should ought to have a say in the guvment. These women, if you can call them such, claim that they are as smart as us men, and could run the guvment as well as us, or, maybe, better. Well, that makes me laugh."

It seemed to make others laugh, too. On the platform behind him, Oliver heard a sound that might have been a contralto chuckle. There were sounds in front of him, too: whispers, a ripple of titters, and from the balcony a boo or two. But Oliver was wound up tight, and had the ladies bayed like wolves, he would have gone right on unwinding.

"If these suffragists would stay home and study history instead of gadding around and shooting off their faces, they'd know that this great and glorious country of ours was started by men, and has been run all right by men. Let me ask you, was George Washington, the father of his country, a woman? Did

"Who's going to lug it down to the lake every Saturday, Paw?"

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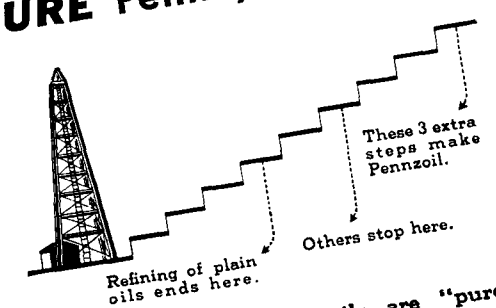

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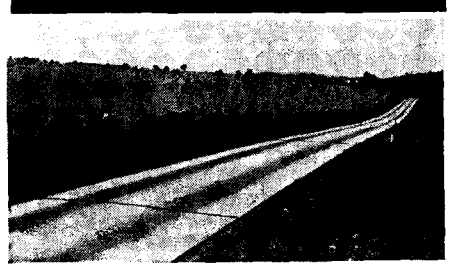

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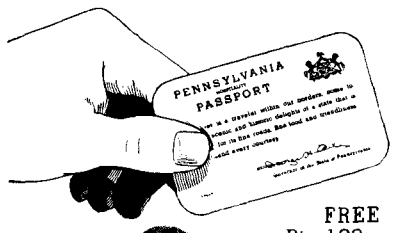

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Thomas Jefferson wear petticoats? How about Benjamin Franklin and Alexander Hamilton and so forth and so on? Were they female? You can bet your boots they weren't.

"When these wise and worthy patriots wrote the Constitution, I guess if they had wanted women to vote they would have said so. We are rightly proud of that great document, and I claim that anybody who tries to monkey with it is un-American. Our Constitution is okay and we ought to stick to it. In the words of our martyred President, the late Abraham Lincoln, 'Don't swap horses in midstream.'

"Now I got nothing against women. They're all right—in their proper place. We American men put them on a pedestal and look up to them. We don't want them to get down and mix up in politics. Politics are dirty things. No nice woman would want to soil her hands with them. The fact that some women want to go into politics is proof that they don't know anything about 'em.

"I just wish this Mrs. Watt was here tonight. I'd say to her, I'd say, 'Mrs. Watt, why do you want to wear the pants?' "

A long lady in the third row cried, "Hear, hear!" That set off a barrage of whoops and chortles. It drowned out Oliver, who was going on doggedly. Mrs. Watt banged with her gavel.

"Order, ladies, please," she shouted. "Don't you want to hear the rest?"

There were loud and enthusiastic cries of "Yes, yes." "Go on." "More, more."

Oliver kept right on going.

"I'd just like to ask this Mrs. Watt and the rest of those soreheads, what will happen to the American home when all the womenfolks spend all their time hanging around the polling booths? Who will wash the dishes, darn the socks and rock the cradles?"

As per rehearsal, he paused for dramatic effect. He got an effect, but it was not dramatic. The laughter started again. In some parts of the hall it was almost hysterical. It took some vigorous gavel-pounding by Mrs. Watt to get the ladies approximately quiet. Oliver resumed his philippic. That the audience was convulsed did not matter to him. Only one thing mattered: to let out the words of that long-lost speech.

"Lastly," he concluded, "I am glad to say that the vast majority of American women are still womanly enough to be glad to be wives and mothers and so forth and so on, and stay home and mind their children and their own business. This Mrs. Watt and her so-called feminists are nothing but a bunch of radicals. Of course all this yelling and bellyaching *won't* get them *anywhere*. Pretty soon they'll get wise to themselves and find that they can't have the vote. Then I guess they'll start kicking up a fuss for something else.

"MARK my words, ladies and gentlemen, twenty-five years from now the Woman Suffrage issue will be as dead as a smoked herring. In 1938, when we look back at tonight's debate, we will laugh at ourselves for getting all serious and excited about such a foolish question. Put that in your pipe and smoke it, Mrs. Watt. I thank you."

Oliver finished with a quick, angular bow. There was that instant of silence that follows the fall of a curtain. In it he snapped out of his hypnotic state and realized what he had done, and sensed that in immediate retreat lay his only hope of escaping annihilation at the hands of two thousand outraged club ladies. He forced himself to walk with slow, stiff dignity to the wings. The storm broke behind him. But he was already through the stage door, and sprinting away from the babble and hubbub.

He did not stop running until he reached the Potter house. He did not ring the bell but flung open the front door and exploded into the drawing room. MacKillop was there, leaning his muscular frame against the mantel, and mentioning some of his merits to Minerva.

"What the devil do you mean, busting in like this?" he bellowed at Oliver.

"Beat it, bum!" said Oliver in a low growl.

MacKillop advanced on him, belligerently.

"Will you get out, or shall I throw you out?" he demanded.

"Neither," said Oliver, and hit him on his cleft chin. The mathematician described a parabola and came to rest on a bearskin rug. Oliver dragged him to the front door and rolled him into the street. Then he strode back into the drawing room.

Minerva had risen from her chair. She seemed more curious than alarmed.

"What's got into you, Oliver?" she asked.

"Nothing," he replied. "Something's got out of me. And I have something to say to you."

The proposal he had prepared was at the tip of his tongue. He knew now that he would not have the slightest difficulty remembering and saving it.

"Ready?" he said.

"Shoot."

She came close to him.

"Oh, the hell with words," he said, and took her in his arms.

SHE was still there when the front door opened. They did not hear it. They were not aware that Nicholas Porter Potter had entered until he tapped Oliver on the shoulder like a referee signaling two boxers to stop clinching. Oliver unwound himself. He met the president's eyes defiantly.

"I was kissing your daughter," he said.

"I have ordinary powers of perception," said Nicholas Porter Potter. Oliver peered at his ears. They were in *status tranquillus*.

"Want to make anything of it?" demanded Oliver truculently.

"My dear fellow, if Minerva doesn't mind, I don't," said Potter. He was bland, almost genial.

"Don't you?" faltered Oliver.

"Not at all," said Potter. "On the contrary."

Outside the house a car door was slammed.

"Ah, that must be Mrs. Watt," said Potter.

"Good night, all," said Oliver, and made for the door. He bumped into Cora Cooper Watt and bounced off her façade.

"Oh, there you are, Professor Witlow," she said.

He backed away.

"Go ahead. Start something," he challenged, hoarsely.

She had turned to fling off her purple velvet evening cloak, and did not hear him.

"I haven't laughed so much in years," she said. "It was a beautiful burlesque."

"What was?" said Oliver.

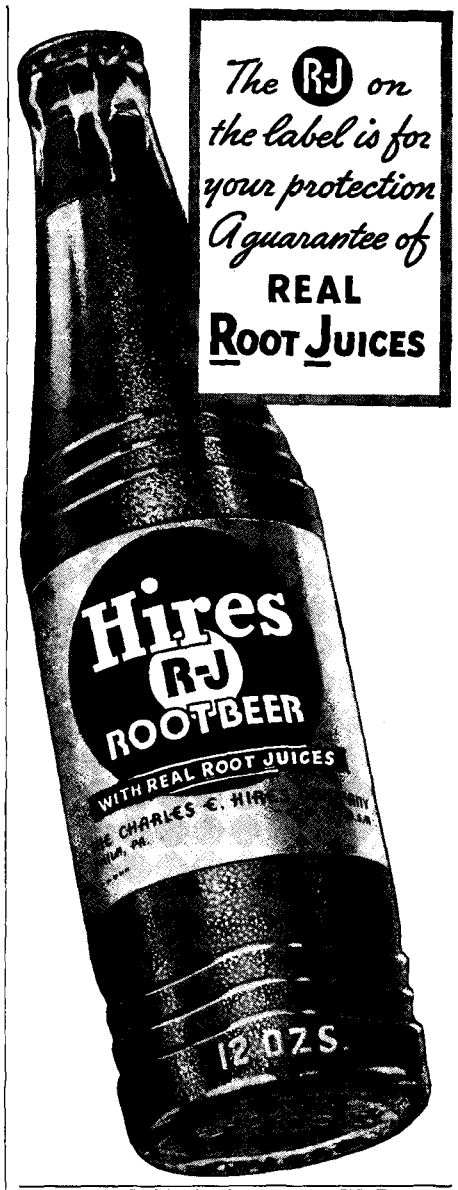
"Your speech, of course," said Mrs. Watt. "We all loved it. Didn't we, Dr. Potter?"

"Indeed, yes," said Nicholas Porter Potter. "It was a most refreshing way of showing the stupidity Mrs. Watt and her associates had to contend with. Well done, my boy."

He beamed paternally at Oliver.

"It did these old ears good to hear that fatuous drool again," said Mrs. Watt. "People actually talked like that twenty-five years ago. Yours was a perfect imitation, Professor. How did you ever happen to hit on it?"

"Oh," said Oliver, "it just came to me."



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The Honor of the Dixie Belle

Continued from page 11

cry and went back to her stateroom. Lucy apologized to Mr. Gollomb and me, saying: "I'm just plumb ashamed that this had to happen on your very first visit to us."

Cap'n Dan, who looked even older than Paw but was big and fat, acted like nothing had happened very much. He went right to his stateroom and put on a blue coat with brass buttons and came out, saying: "If you are a 'Q' lawyer, sir, you ain't welcome aboard the Dixie Belle." I mean, he said that to Mr. Gollomb.

"They're just summer people, Cap'n Dan," Lucy said.

"Passengers," Cap'n Dan said. "Well, don't be impatient, sir. We'll be pulling out any minute, now, any minute." Then, he walked right off, saying: "I'll be in the pilothouse."

PAW wanted to fish some more and I did, too, but Mr. Gollomb insisted that we had to go.

"Won't you stay for supper and let Buttinhead cook those catfish for you?" Lucy said. "You've never eaten catfish until you've had some Buttinhead cooked."

"No, thank you, we *must* go!" Mr. Gollomb said.

He made me leave all the catfish, but Paw said he would keep them alive for me. He said he would take me fishing any time I wanted to go. Lucy said for me to come back and she would show me everything about the Dixie Belle.

They sure were swell people, I mean they really were. Especially Paw and Lucy.

But while Mr. Gollomb and I were walking back home, Mr. Gollomb got goofy and said I was not to have anything more to do with the Dixie Belle.

"Why not?" I said.

"Your mother would not permit it," he said.

"Why wouldn't she?" I said.

"They're not your sort, Robert," he said.

"They are, too," I said. "I like Paw Merrihew a whole lot better'n a lot of people I know."

"You're too young to understand, Robert," he said.

I did not argue any more with Mr. Gollomb because I was afraid he would tell my mother. My mother did not know that anybody lived on the Dixie Belle. She did not seem to know that anybody lived on the Mississippi at all. She acted like it was all just something for you to sit in a lawn chair and look at and show to people that came up from St. Louis to visit us. Besides, she was too busy building everything over again. "I want to recapture the spirit of the old river days," my mother said to everybody that came.

I was so excited thinking about Paw Merrihew and fish that I did not sleep so very much. I woke up early the next morning and I decided I would sneak off down to the river all by myself.

I hurried down to the levee across from the Dixie Belle. Sure enough, I saw Paw Merrihew tinkering with his skiff near the houseboat tied up to the Dixie Belle. I yelled and whistled and jumped up and down until Paw saw me. He got in his skiff and it had an outboard motor on it this time and he came right over to the bank for me.

"Yer folks know ye're up so early, son?" Paw asked.

"Sure," I said, lying, "and my mother says it'll be okay for me to go fishing with you."

"Ain't a-going *fishing*," Paw said. "Jest a-going to collect fish."

He said that just to tease me and to act contrary, but I waded right out and climbed into that boat clothes and all. I was with Paw and I knew I was going to have some fun.

In my sober judgment it was even more fun than actually fishing. We went 'way up the river to the mouth of Jimpson Slough where Paw had some trotlines. I helped him pull up the trotlines and they sure were hefty with catfish.

Then we went clear across near an island about half a mile from the Illinois shore, where Paw had a lot of nets hid. It sure was interesting to watch Paw locate his nets. He would throw chips of wood in the water and count one-two-three-four, like that, as the chips floated downstream. When a chip had traveled sixteen, Paw took a bearing from that spot and pretty soon he found the net. He said you could not stake out your nets with floating markers because some no-'count man would sneak over and steal your fish. Paw got a whopping big buffalo out of one net. But the second net was all torn and no fish in it.

"A gar got in it, dang him!" Paw said. "If'n I was seventy-two an' in my prime, we'd go over to Grassy Crick an' ketch us some crappie fer breakfast. But I'm a mite winded, so we'll push along outer here an' go home."

We went down that river flying, with Paw's old outboard motor going lickety-cut. When we got alongside the Dixie Belle Paw started tinkering on the motor and it backfired and quit on us. Lucy Hough came out on the hurricane deck and invited us to breakfast.

"Hurry, Paw," Lucy said, "skillet's hot."

Cap'n Dan was already eating at the big table in the grand saloon. He said: "Welcome to the Dixie Belle, young man. Sit down and eat hearty." Then he looked up and saw Paw and said: "I'm suing the 'Q' this term of court and don't you go talking agin it."

Lucy brought in some more breakfast. We had flapjacks and molasses and catfish fried in corn meal and more molasses and muffins and jam and milk. Lucy was all slicked up in a striped blouse and skirt and she looked extra pretty. Paw kidded her along, saying: "I reckon thet Adrian Reed is a-coming up the river this mornin'." Lucy did not giggle or act silly like most girls do when you kid them.

"I sure hope he is, Paw," Lucy said.

"Big-headed rascal," Paw said.

"He's not; he's really smart," Lucy said.

"Ain't wuth yer little finger," Paw said.

"I'd give two little fingers for Adrian," Lucy said.

I DID not get to ask any questions because all of a sudden a Burlington freight train came by on the levee and some men on it started heaving coal and rocks at the Dixie Belle. It made an awful racket.

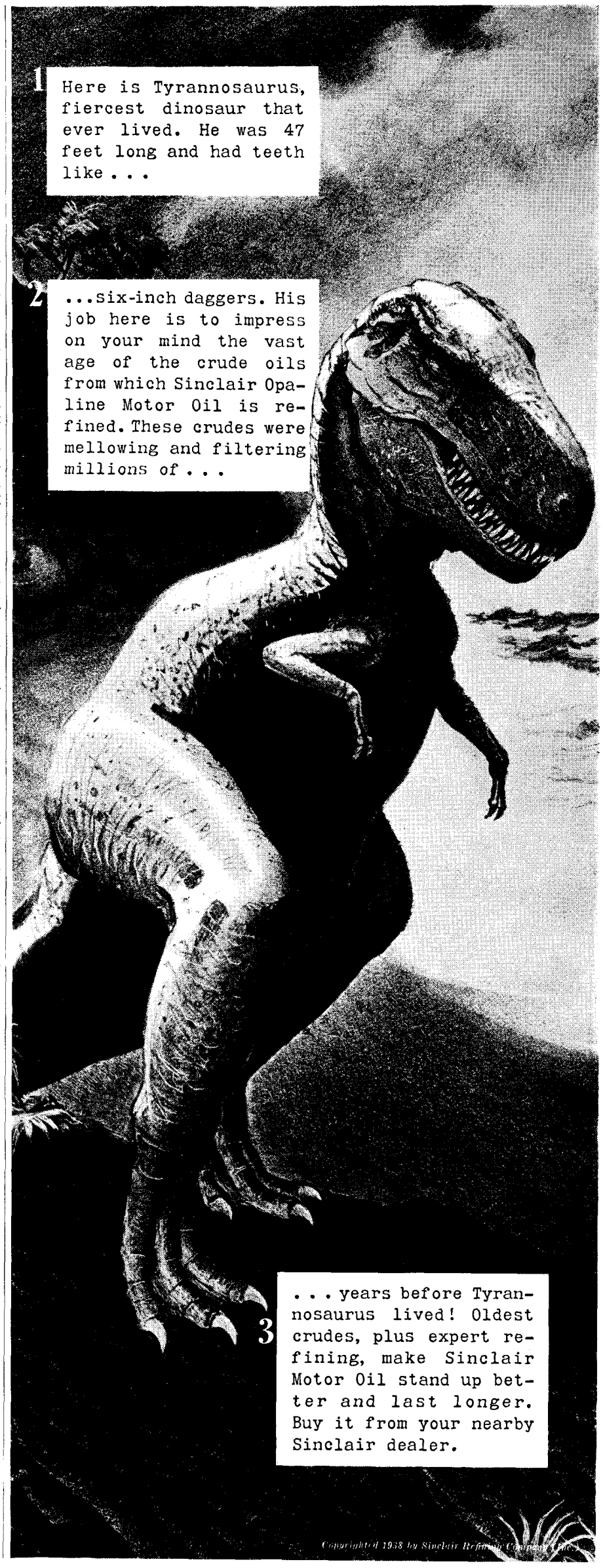
Cap'n Dan jumped up and said, "You, Buttinhead. Fetch the gun."

Lucy said, "Don't you go shooting at that train, Cap'n Dan."

But Cap'n Dan made Buttinhead bring him his double-barreled shotgun. He ran out on the promenade deck and yelled, "I'll blow that stinking contraption off the rails this time!"

Lucy sure had a lot of guts. She went right over to Cap'n Dan and yanked the gun away from him.

"That's just what the 'Q' wants you to do, Cap'n Dan," Lucy said, "so they can send you to the pen and laugh at another river man they've plumb ruined."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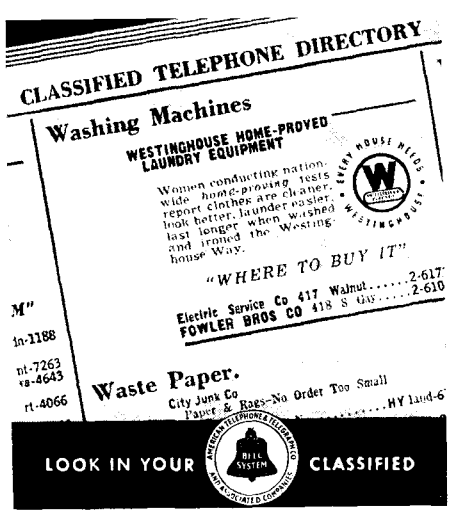


"A plot agin me, eh?" Cap'n Dan said.

"Sure it is," Lucy said.

"Who told you?" he said.

"Never mind. I found out," Lucy said.

"I'll just put that down in the book," Cap'n Dan said.

He went over to his desk and got down a big, thick book, talking to himself.

Paw said, "Never mind. Dan'l, we'll git the 'Q' right one of these days."

Before anything more could be said to tell me what it was about, Mrs. J. E. B. Drumwright came out of her stateroom, saying: "Coffee, Buttinhead, coffee. My soul, what a dreadful night. Sech a dreadful night!" Buttinhead came running with some coffee but Mrs. Drumwright made him go back and put on a white coat before he served it.

"The old sow's loose," Paw said.

He pushed back from the table and without another word walked right down the grand saloon stairs.

Mrs. Drumwright came over to the table and I felt kind of scared. She had awful dark black hair, like ink, and paint on her face in big red blotches. Her eyes were watery. She started asking me all sorts of questions about my family. I thought I would show her, so I bragged a little, saying my mother and father were in the Blue Book and my mother belonged to the Junior League. Mrs. Drumwright did not act very respectful.

"Are theah any Stuarts, Lees, Breckinridges or Beauregards in your family, young man?" she asked.

"Gee heck, I don't think so," I said.

"Then youah nobodies, jus' nobodies," Mrs. Drumwright said and did not pay any more attention to me.

LUCY saw I was still kind of scared, so she said she would show me the Dixie Belle. I had just got started seeing the Dixie Belle when Mr. Gollomb and Alfred, my mother's chauffeur, had to come butting in.

Mr. Gollomb looked scared.

"Great heavens. Robert," he said, "your mother is half crazy. What do you mean by sneaking off to the river without permission?"

Lucy stuck up for me.

"The poor kid wasn't in any danger," she said.

Mr. Gollomb acted snooty.

"I think Robert's mother is the best judge of that, don't you?" he said.

He could not pull that stuff on Lucy. She is a redheaded girl and has freckles on her nose and is not afraid of anything.

"I've never met Robert's mother," Lucy said, "but if she hired you to look after him she can't be very bright!"

"Indeed," Mr. Gollomb said.

"Furthermore," Lucy said, "we have a doorbell. After this, when you come to call, please ring it."

"I'm sorry—about that," Mr. Gollomb said.

Lucy wiped my mouth with a handkerchief.

"Okay, Bobby," she said, "some other time, maybe."

"I'll be right back, Lucy," I said.

But I did not get to come right straight back. My mother was throwing a fit when I got home. She thought I had got drowned in the river.

My mother said, finally: "Very well, Robert. We will say no more about it now. I shall have these people investigated and if they are fit persons for you to know, you may continue your friendship with them."

That was not so good. I did not want my mother to investigate the Dixie Belle. My mother has what she calls a social conscience, meaning she is very kind to the poor. She says that unless the upper classes are kinder to the poorer classes they will rise in their wrath and shoot us. Like in the French revolution and in Russia. Every time my mother investigates any poor people there is hell to pay. My mother gets touched. That means she makes up her mind to help the poor people. And my mother really makes up her mind, what I mean.

"Gee heck," I said, "you do not have to investigate Paw and Cap'n Dan and Lucy. They are not very poor. They are doing fine."

"We'll see, dear," my mother said.

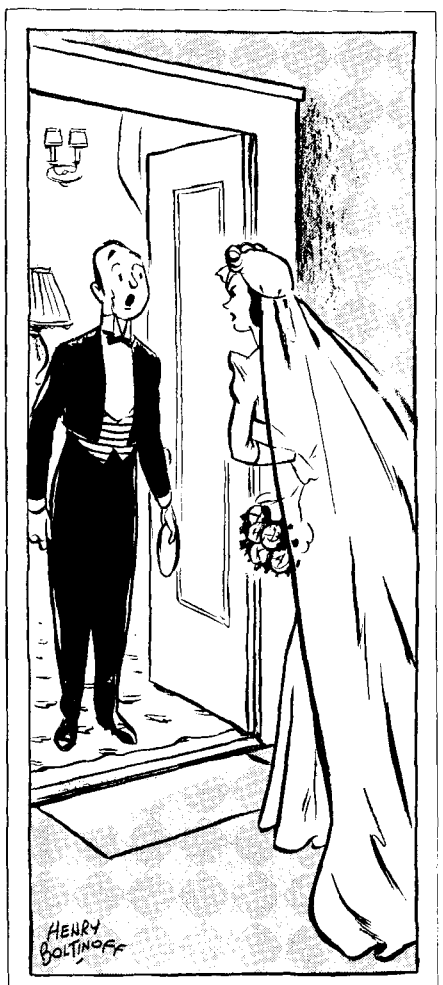
I had sense enough to know that if my mother investigated the Dixie Belle Paw and Lucy would get sore at me and be off of me for life. So I decided I would do a little bawling around. I put on a big storm and begged my mother to leave the Dixie Belle alone.

Finally, my mother said she would go into conference with Mr. Gollomb, but I must go right to my room and rest as I was in a highly nervous state.

I knew right off I would have to put the bee on old Gollomb, and beat my mother to it.

Mr. Gollomb was walking in the yard and studying birds.

"Lookit, sir," I said, "what have you got against those Dixie Belle people?"



"Is Mr. Boland expecting you?"

HENRY BOLTINOFF

Mr. Gollomb stopped studying birds.

"Why, nothing at all, Robert," he said. "They are very interesting characters and the girl is even rather charming in her way." Meaning Mr. Gollomb still felt snooty about them but not as snooty as at first. I told him what my mother had said.

"Oh, that wouldn't do at all," Mr. Gollomb said. "You are quite right in thinking they would resent such an investigation. I shall make discreet inquiries in the village."

IT WAS a big surprise. Mr. Gollomb even agreed to advise my mother not to mess into the Dixie Belle at all. But I was still pretty worried on account of my mother's social conscience and how she gets touched by poor people. I decided I would sneak off that afternoon and ask Paw Merrihew about it.

Paw was not in his skiff or in his houseboat. Buttinhead heard me hollering for him and told me Paw was up at the icehouse. He showed me how to find it. You had to walk up the Burlington tracks to the second frog and then find a path through some weeds higher than your head. The icehouse was an old one that was not used any more, I could tell, because it was all skew-geed lopsided and grown around with weeds. I opened the door and walked in. Paw was taking a nap on a pile of wheat sacks.

"Hi-yah, Paw," I said, aloud.

Paw just opened one eye.

"Howdy, son," he said. "Can't a man take a little nap in peace?"

"Paw, are you very poor?" I said.

"Here's a nickel. Vamoose," Paw said.

But I was worse worried than ever because Paw did not have much more than about seventeen cents in his hand when he picked out the nickel. So I told Paw about my mother and how she got touched and what she was apt to do. This woke Paw up and he listened. In my sober judgment he was interested.

"Pshaw, now, Bobby," Paw said, "your ma suttinly don't need to lose no sleep over *me*. I'm a rich man."

"Gee heck, *really*, Paw?" I said.

Paw said he was a man of considerable fortune. He had four places to stay—his houseboat, the icehouse, a shack on Crawdad Island and a room in the Central Hotel in Pike County Landing, where he mostly entertained visiting relations.

"But have you got any *money?*" I said.

It was not the right thing to say. It got Paw peeved and contrary. Paw said *foosh* for money. He hated the danged stuff. The more he thought about it the madder Paw got. Finally, he pulled out an old greasy dirty dollar bill and tore it in pieces and stomped on the pieces.

"There's fish in the river, ain't there?" Paw yelled. "And when the fishin's skeerce I got my trade, ain't I?"

He saw I did not understand about the trade so he told me to shut my eyes and not look. He went somewhere in the icehouse and dug up a box of carpenter's tools. They sure were neat tools, too. Paw was not just an ordinary carpenter. Paw was a cabinetmaker and if you are a cabinetmaker you get paid three times as much. So I saw right off that Paw was doing all right.

GOING back along the tracks, I saw Lucy and a big, curly, black-headed guy standing on the levee. Lucy waved for me to come on down. So she introduced me to this big guy that was Adrian Reed, an assistant pilot of the Black Warrior, towboat on my own father's barge line.

Adrian Reed did not have anything on but a pair of swimming trunks. He was showing Lucy how he could walk on his hands and stand on one hand. In my sober judgment he had good muscular development. He said he could bridge with both Lucy and me standing on his stomach. I did not think he could. But he did it, easy.

This Adrian guy was swell-headed just like Paw said. I told him my father owned the barge line. He said he knew my father, they were old pals. He said my father was running the barge line all wrong. He said for me to tell my father to fire all the old fossils and put some young guys in charge. He said to be sure and mention that he was good material for general manager and was wasting his time as assistant pilot.

We discussed places where we had been and every place I mentioned this Adrian guy had been to a better place. The place he liked best was Miami, Florida, which is not so hot, in my sober judgment.

But Lucy believed every word he said. He was not such a bad guy, at that, because he promised to take me fishing for channel cats when the towboat came back down the river, and he told Lucy to

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. . . but she will never forget the happiness it brought

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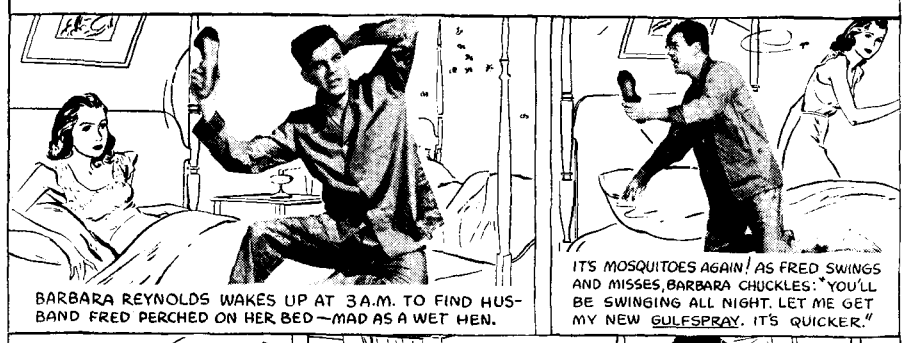
TROUBLE IN THE BEDROOM



BARBARA REYNOLDS WAKES UP AT 3 A.M. TO FIND HUSBAND FRED PERCHED ON HER BED—MAD AS A WET HEN.

IT'S MOSQUITOES AGAIN! AS FRED SWINGS AND MISSES, BARBARA CHUCKLES: "YOU'LL BE SWINGING ALL NIGHT. LET ME GET MY NEW GULFSPRAY. IT'S QUICKER."

HUSTLING BACK, SHE STARTS TO SHOOT GULFSPRAY AROUND. FRED OBJECTS: "THAT BUGSPRAY WILL MAKE THE ROOM SMELL AWFUL."

"YOU'RE WRONG, DARLING." SMILES MRS. R. "GULFSPRAY IS A NEW-FASHIONED SPRAY THAT LEAVES NO SMELL AT ALL."

IN A TRICE, NOT ONE MOSQUITO IS LEFT ALIVE, AND THE ROOM IS ODOR-FREE! GULFSPRAY IS CERTAINLY A SUMMER GODSEND.

DO AS THOUSANDS OF WOMEN ARE DOING. USE GULFSPRAY. IT CONTAINS MORE PYRETHRINS, THE KILLING INGREDIENT—KILLS FASTER, GOES FARTHER. IT'S SURE DEATH TO MOSQUITOES, FLIES, EVEN GARDEN INSECTS—AND IT WON'T HARM PLANTS!

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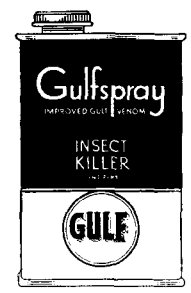

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IF YOU want a pleasant way to earn extra money, send me your name and address on a penny post card. You will receive by first class mail full information about my profitable plan. Even if you have only a little spare time, you may make plenty of extra dollars. How? By taking care of new and renewal subscriptions for COLLIER'S, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE and WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION. Don't hesitate because there's no coupon. Just paste this advertisement with your name and address on a penny post card *and mail to:*

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The Crowell Publishing Company
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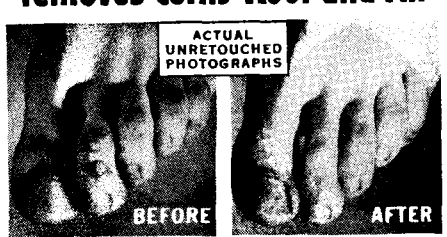
Here's a pure white gauze that needs no adhesive tape. Sticks only to itself, *not* to skin or hair. Over 101 uses in home and *for sports*. Protects—prevents slippery hands and blisters. Use wherever you use gauze or adhesive tape. At all drug and sporting goods counters.
General Bandages, 508 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

GAUZTEX
THE SELF ADHERING GAUZE

CORNS Here's proof Blue-Jay removes corns Root* and All



Famous model removes painful corns this easy way

IF YOU suffer from painful corns read what Miss Jerry Harding says: "For the past 3 years I have been paring my corns. They always came back bigger, harder, more painful than ever. I decided to try a Bauer & Black Blue-Jay. Blue-Jay was marvelous—the pain stopped instantly and then in just 3 days the corn lifted out Root and All." Blue-Jay is scientific, easy to use. 25¢ for 6. Same price in Canada.

BAUER & BLACK **BLUE-JAY** CORN PLASTERS
REMOVE CORNS ROOT AND ALL

* A plug of dead cells root-like in form and position. If left may serve as focal point for renewed development.

DANDRUFF LOOKS SO UNTIDY!

Dandruff makes you look untidy and can *handicap you socially as well as in business.* Glover's Mange Medicine is famous as an aid in relieving Dandruff, because it contains pine tar oil, sulphur and other medicinal properties of highly regarded value by the medical profession. Used with systematic massage, Glover's makes your scalp fairly glow all over; leaves your hair clean, soft, lustrous. You can FEEL and SEE its good effects.

Glover's Mange Medicine and massage is equally effective as an aid in checking excessive Falling Hair; relieving Itching Scalp and promoting new hair growth in Patchy Baldness.

IMPORTANT! Shampoo at home with Glover's Medicated Soap to thoroughly cleanse the hair and scalp and effectively remove the Mange Medicine's clean pine tar odor. Get both at your Druggist's today!

Your Barber knows the value of Glover's Treatment. Have him give it to you regularly.

FREE booklet on Glover's System for the Scalp and Hair—write **Glover's, Dept. D, 462 Fourth Ave., New York.**

GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE

give me his specially rigged jig-line that he had left on the Dixie Belle.

The Black Warrior whistled and Adrian said he had to go. He gave Lucy a Dutch rub, just clowning, and said, "So long, kid. You're okay," to me. Then he ran up the tracks. Lucy said he would go to the backwater and swim out to meet the towboat.

I thought I had better be going home, but I thought I had better collect that jig-line before Adrian changed his mind, or something. So I went out in the skiff with Lucy to the Dixie Belle.

When we got there, Cap'n Dan was in an awful temper. He was raving about the "Q," and how it owed him a lot of money.

Lucy gave me a wink and hustled me into the kitchen part of the grand saloon to hunt for Adrian's jig-line.

"Don't stir Cap'n Dan all up asking him about his fight with the 'Q,'" Lucy told me. "They've been having it hot and heavy for thirty-one years, ever since the Dixie Belle ran aground. Cap'n Dan claims the 'Q' men changed the night marks on him and caused the wreck. He never had money enough to put the Dixie Belle back on the river."

"They ruint Cap'n Dan, that's jus' whut they done," Buttinhead said.

"Well, it's all out of date now," Lucy said.

"It ain't out ob date in Cap'n Dan's haid," Buttinhead said. "In his haid it's like it was yestidday."

BUTTINHEAD is a funny-looking nigger. He has a big bulge in his forehead and his head is bald as an egg, only with bumps. I did not respect Buttinhead so much and I guess Lucy noticed it.

"I've seen brighter niggers than Buttinhead," Lucy said, "but he was the buttin-est nigger from New Orleans to Memphis in the old days. Weren't you, Buttinhead?"

"Yas'm, I sho' was, Miss Lucy," Buttinhead said. "Wasn't no nigger on de ribber could butt haids wif me. Look yere, white boy, watch dis!"

He stopped cleaning catfish and got up on his big flat feet. Then he put his head down and shuffled his feet a minute like a rooster and then he ran plumb smack against the door. With his head, he did.

"You cut that out," Lucy said. "You've cracked every stateroom door in the grand saloon showing off."

"Yas'm, Miss Lucy," Buttinhead said, and went back to cleaning fish.

The doorbell rang and Lucy went to answer it and so I had a good chance to ask Buttinhead about his circumstances in life. Buttinhead said he got along fine and so did Lucy and Cap'n Dan and Mrs. Drumwright. Cap'n Dan was a Spanish-American War veteran and drew a pension every month, probably three or four hundred dollars, Buttinhead said. They ran short once in a while because Cap'n Dan was always hiring some lawyer to sue the "Q" railroad and nothing ever did come of the suits. But whenever the money ran short Lucy borrowed from Paw Merrihew. Buttinhead said I wasn't to breathe it to a soul but Paw was a terrible rich man. He said Paw knew where the steamboat Beulah M. Hickson was at the bottom of the river, and there were tons of gold on board. A man named Mr. Jim Hill shipped the gold to buy a railroad with, Buttinhead said.

This sounded like a lot of bushwa so I said, "If Paw knows where the gold is, why hasn't he dug it up?"

Buttinhead just laughed.

"Dat Mistah Merrihew man is jus' too contrary, white boy," Buttinhead said. "But if'n us folks evah should *need* it, he'll dig it up."

But the best thing that happened was that it was Mr. Gollomb who had rung the bell. I found him talking to Lucy on the promenade deck.

"Ah, Bobby," he said, "another adventure, eh?" Like that, meaning Mr. Gollomb felt pretty good. He was all slicked up in a white linen suit and he had left off his nose glasses.

"This is swell," I said, "I'm coming to the Dixie Belle every single day all summer."

"Oh, they wouldn't want you that often," Mr. Gollomb said, laughing.

"Yes, we do," Lucy said. "He can come just as often as he pleases."

"And would you mind if his tutor came along occasionally, Miss Hough?" Mr. Gollomb said.

"Oh, you can suit yourself," Lucy said.

I thought, what the gee heck, is this guy stuck on Lucy all of a sudden?

I overslept the next morning and when I got down to breakfast Miss Beveridge, who is my mother's secretary, had a real noble smile on her face. Aw-aw, I thought, there is the big H to pay now.

"Good morning, Robert," Miss Beveridge said. "I have a wonderful surprise for you!"

"Prunes, hunh?" I said.

"Oh, no," Miss Beveridge said. "Your mother has gone down to investigate the Dixie Belle personally! And I am sure she will do something very wonderful for your new friends!"

"Judas Priest!" I said. "Gangway!"

I ran down that hill as fast as I could go. But I was too late. The minute I turned into the river road I saw my mother and Alfred coming toward me in the roadster.

My mother waved to me and I could tell she had been touched.

"Gee heck," I said, "why did you have to go *there?*"

"Why, Robert," my mother said. "Such a tone, such a face! Hop right in, dear. I have a secret to tell you."

I climbed in the car, saying: "They're all doing fine. Paw is rich. He's got a steamboat full of gold. Cap'n Dan has a pension. They don't *need* any help."

It did not do any good. My mother said she had never been so genuinely touched in her whole life. They were all so brave and so proud. My mother said she had never seen such threadbare poverty, not even in her Junior League rescue work.

"What are you going to do to them?" I said, almost bawling.

"I'm going to rehabilitate them, Robert," my mother said. "I'm going to lift them right out of that horrible environment. Because they are deserving people and because they've been so nice to my little boy!"

I could not help it, sissy or not. I busted right out bawling. If you knew my mother and how she acts when she is touched and her social conscience is worked up you would have bawled, too.

WELL, I just knew there was the big H to pay when my mother started rehabilitating Paw and Cap'n Dan and Lucy and Buttinhead and Mrs. J. E. B. Drumwright. I was too ashamed to go near the Dixie Belle for three whole days.

Monday morning I got a postal card from Lucy saying: "Dear Bobby, will you please come to see us this afternoon (Monday)? Important." Aw-aw, I thought, they are off of me for life sure. Mr. Gollomb thought the same thing and said he would go with me as they were primitive people and might do me bodily harm. But I did not want Mr. Gollomb around and so I ditched him while my mother was going over my schedule for the new week.

Paw and Cap'n Dan and Mrs. Drumwright and Lucy were all sitting around the big table in the grand saloon when I got there. They all looked terribly solemn.

"What's wrong?" I said, kind of scared.

(To be continued next week)

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Happy Couldn't Wait

Continued from page 13

Barkley nor the somewhat tremulous triumvirate that rules the Louisville machine and that is supporting Mr. Barkley—is quite up to denying that. They do tell you that a good governor ought to keep on being a good governor and stop disturbing the slumbers of his betters. (Remind us to tell you about that Louisville triumvirate. There's a woman in it.)

But the Honorable Happy's profounder cause has a national aspect. The man has convictions and he's betting on them. He's against Mr. Roosevelt's pump-priming habits, thinks we need a new pump. And he has a hunch that the majority of the voters of Kentucky agree with that.

Mr. Barkley is hoarse from reminding the voters that Mr. Roosevelt has never failed to place goodness and mercy before such technicalities as budget balancing and debt reduction, and that he whom Mr. Roosevelt calls Dear Alben has never failed the President. As to that, the Honorable Happy contributes a slight sniff. He yields, cries he, to no man in quick succor for the poor and jobless. But no man nor woman is going to be paid one thin dime for counting the trees on High Street or promoting scooter races for adults, occupations that Mr. Chandler regards as somewhat futile. The melodious din you hear is the Honorable Happy sounding his opinion:

"Every cent spent by WPA should buy permanent additions to the public welfare, not silly boondoggles intended merely to keep the voter occupied—and grateful. A man's morale soars highest when he's doing something constructive, lasting, intelligent. As it is, most of the WPA workers are laughing in their sleeves—when they ain't cursing those responsible for their plight."

Mr. Happy, Tax-Slasher

In short, excluding his own robust campaign methods, the Honorable Happy is no radical. When he assumed the governorship in 1935, the voice of Mr. Barkley being noticeably absent from the welcoming clamor, Kentucky owed her creditors approximately $28,000,000. This is not a vast sum in these days of debt hydrophobia, but Kentucky is a small and poor state, largely agricultural and, save for her moribund coal fields, only meagerly industrial. For some thirty years her noble statesmen, including Mr. Barkley, have vowed solemnly to do something of a reducing nature about that debt. But what with one thing and another they never quite got around to it.

And all this despite a nice increase in taxation rates and the addition of several new varieties of taxation, prominent among them being a five-per-cent sales tax. There was one tax missing, however—an income tax. The Honorable Happy caused the repeal of the sales tax amid popular rejoicing. Even feebly administered, the sales tax added ten or twelve million dollars to the state's annual revenues. Nobody knows what it might have fetched had not large numbers of Kentuckians, including practically all the mountaineers, taken the stand that they'd never heard tell of any such law and chased visiting revenuers into Tennessee, Virginia and Ohio.

In its place the Honorable Happy caused a graduated income tax to be adopted. And while this revenue producer did not measure up to sales-tax proportions, the annual income therefrom being around five or six millions, the screams of the stricken were reduced to almost a minimum, their numbers being few and their voices more cultured.

And yet, despite this loss in revenue, the Honorable Happy proceeded by refinancing, and inexorable collections, to liquidate Kentucky's debt. Today the twenty-eight million has been hammered down to about seven million. Mr. Chandler predicts that before his term as governor shall have expired, Kentucky will be debt free.

The man seemed merciless, his actions giving one some time to suspect that his regret of the anguish he has caused the state machine—in particular the Louisville combine—lacks complete sincerity. For example, he caused his legislature to adopt a law that makes it illegal and punishable to assess any Kentucky public servant for campaign or other political purposes.

You may well imagine that such an outrageous law has not endeared Mr. Chandler to the Old Guard, and in particular to the Louisville sorority. This Louisville triumvirate, an agency of the Old Guard, pretends to detect a lack of artlessness in the governor's application of this law to his present needs. Admitting that he is not compelling his own state organization — Kentucky's New Deal—to pay tribute to his cause, they assure you that voluntary contributions are made on the "or else" basis. We were alert enough to discover that the Honorable Happy is enjoying gifts from certain of his followers and beneficiaries and it is undeniable that large numbers of those who hold jobs by his favor are by literary and other means striving to convince their relations and dependents that no good will come of voting for anyone but Happy. And oddly enough they're succeeding.

While we gathered ample evidence to support our belief that the Honorable Happy is benefiting from such natural assistance from his job-holding followers, we did not find proof of a more interesting accusation. We were told, for example, that the Honorable Happy has the support of Wall Street—a generic rather than specific term. In other words, that a considerable group of those whom President Roosevelt has indelibly labeled Economic Royalists have expressed an eagerness to contribute moneys to the Chandler cause. Naturally we asked the Honorable Happy about it. Up to that moment, said he, no individual nor combine of wealth had rung his doorbell. Would he accept, were it offered? That, said he, would depend entirely upon the presence of strings. If John Doe, unlucky enough to be an Economic Royalist, wished to contribute a little something to the defeat of Mr. Roosevelt's Mr. Barkley and asked nothing in return—well, that would have to be taken under advisement.

The "Or Else" Policy

"But," sighed the Honorable Happy, "I have not heard the music of great wealth since 1936 when I was making Roosevelt speeches as far north and west as the Dakotas. I was for Roosevelt then and I'm for him now, the only difference being that I can't yes a man when my intelligence and experience tell me that he's on the wrong track. But in 1936 Jim Farley dropped in and asked me how I was doing. He told me that if I needed money to hold Kentucky in line, I was to communicate with a couple of men who had lots of it and who wanted to help. But I didn't need the money. The party was paying my ballyhoo expenses and Kentucky was safe. So you see how it was. But right now I

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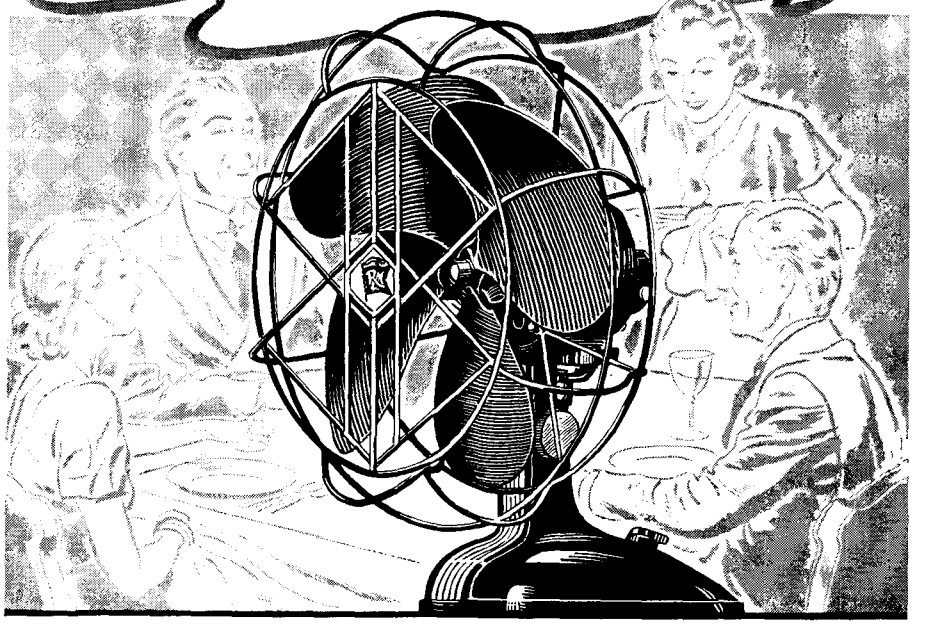
P. S. For badly worn holes, around flashings, etc.—use Rutland No. 4 Plastic Cement.

THE FAN YOU SHOULD HAVE BOUGHT *Last Summer*



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ALL TYPES • ALL SIZES

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WHEN a car overheats—you lose power. You are headed for more serious trouble. Clean out radiators regularly, twice a year. You can do it yourself with SANI-FLUSH. It takes 10 minutes. It costs 10c. (25c for the largest truck or tractor.)

SANI-FLUSH is a scientific preparation that removes rust, scale, sediment and sludge that clog radiators. Just pour a little in the cooling system. Follow directions on the can. Run the motor. Drain. Flush. Refill with clean water. That's all! The delicate veins that circulate water are clean and open. The motor runs cool. SANI-FLUSH is perfectly safe. Can't hurt engine or fittings. You'll find SANI-FLUSH in most bathrooms for cleaning toilets. Sold by grocery, drug, hardware, and five-and-ten-cent stores. 25c and 10c sizes. The Hygienic Products Company, Canton, Ohio.

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TIRED EYES

***RED VEINED, OVERWORKED**

CLEAR, SOOTHED

EYE SPECIALISTS' FORMULA
ACTS IN SECONDS

HERE'S an utterly new way to clear and soothe tired, smarting eyes. Eye-Gene's action is different from boric—it contains, in addition to boric, five other ingredients, one of which clears red, bloodshot eyes (*due to fatigue, late hours, exposure, dust, sun glare, driving, etc.). Eye-Gene soothes and refreshes tired, dull eyes like an extra hour's sleep. *At drug, dept. and 10c stores.*

EYE-GENE Good Housekeeping Bureau

could use some dough—some of that WPA dough of Barkley's."

Mr. Chandler's campaign manager, Judge Brady M. Stewart, thought so too. The judge was holding forth in Paducah, Senator Barkley's home town, determined that all should know that "every federal relief agency in Kentucky is *frankly and brazenly operating on a political basis.*" For Senator Barkley, of course. Just as vigorously, Mr. George H. Goodman, WPA state administrator, was denying it. Mr. Harry L. Hopkins, WPA's overlord, was shrugging his shoulders in Washington, demanding proof and adding that he would fire any WPA official found guilty of coercing workers.

The judge was writing to President Roosevelt about it, saying: "Governor Chandler entered the race for the United States Senate expecting you to support your leader Alben W. Barkley with such reasonable means as are used ordinarily in politics. But as the governor has always been and still is your friendly supporter and a Democrat and as he has caused to be enacted into law in Kentucky, first among the states, every measure you had requested of him, it is astonishing to me, to Governor Chandler's friends and to a majority of the thoughtful citizens of this state that, without your knowledge or consent, I believe, every agency of the federal government dispensing relief is resorting to methods and policies that are crudely reprehensible to force the citizens of this great commonwealth to support Senator Barkley."

Dismal Noises of Dissent

The judge went on to say that "definite instructions had been given to selected agents that no one should be placed on WPA except upon the advice of Senator Barkley's campaign managers" and that persons already on WPA were being assessed in Mr. Barkley's behalf and if they did not come across they "would be discharged immediately.

"In at least one county in Kentucky," *stormed the judge, "commodities are* being distributed by relief officials to the needy in paper bags upon which are printed these words: 'Paper bags donated by friends of Senator Alben W. Barkley.' Persons are being employed who do no definite work but are instructed to spend their entire time in political activity . . . for Senator Barkley."

Said Mr. Goodman: "As far as my knowledge goes—and I think my knowledge covers the matter definitely—the statements made by Judge Stewart are without foundation. Every relief worker in Kentucky has been advised that he votes as he chooses."

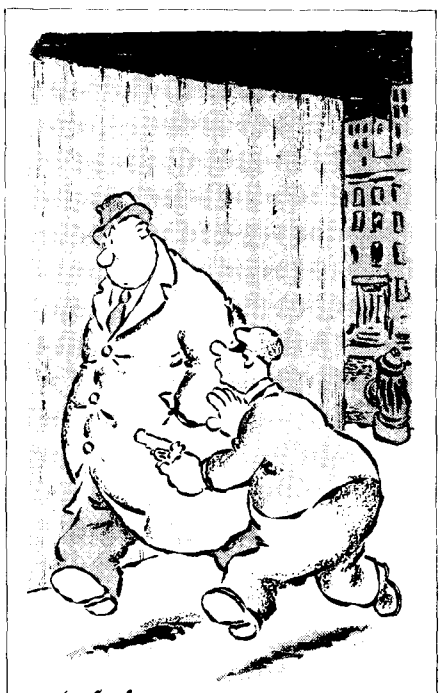
Whereat Judge Stewart produced several affidavits made by WPA workers wherein the deponents swore that foremen had polled their charges to find out who was for Mr. Barkley and who for Mr. Chandler.

The Honorable Happy was not regarding all this as pure disaster. Here and there as we entered halls where Mr. Chandler was about to lift up his voice in his own behalf and perchance sing a song or two, the cheering that greeted him was made slightly discordant by a few boos. He never let such incidents pass without action. In Campton, for example, two stout lads in a remote corner were making peculiarly dismal noises as the governor appeared. Within a few moments Mr. Chandler had the dissenters on their feet answering questions. One admitted he was a WPA foreman. His companion was his brother. Both admitted that their hearts weren't in their booing and that if they had any assurance that they wouldn't lose their jobs, they'd vote for Happy.

Neither was the governor visibly distressed when Mr. John L. Lewis, the winner of that "moral victory" in Pennsylvania, where his candidate for governor was all but obliterated, declared for Mr. Barkley. Magnanimously, the governor said that Mr. Lewis, having made the haunting error of perverting a *labor union into a political machine*, had political debts to pay. But he did wonder whether Mr. Barkley had done more for the United Mine Workers than he. One of the Honorable Happy's forward-looking strokes of legislation destroyed an old custom in the eastern Kentucky coal fields.

Formerly when union organizers entered the fields, or strikes impended, the operators employed the most experienced sluggers, triggermen, mobsters and hooligans and turned them loose, heavily armed, to discourage their dissatisfied employees. And to make murder and the like legal, the state permitted these hired bashers to be sworn in as deputy sheriffs. But the Honorable Happy ended all that.

He caused his legislature to pass a



Jay Irving

"Look, I asked yuh a half a dozen times, mister. Now won't you please stick 'em up?"

JAY IRVING

law whereunder these heavy-handed hired men may not be sworn in as deputy sheriffs, thereby stripping them of their authority to kill, club, bomb and otherwise convince the miners that it is wicked and even inconvenient to defy their betters. For this unsolicited gesture, Mr. Lewis was deeply grateful, to which emotion he attested in his own *United Mine Workers Journal*. Even more grateful, apparently, were the miners. In coming out for Mr. Barkley, Mr. Lewis hopes to deliver the mine vote to the senator—the only vote he can hope to influence in Kentucky. But his success will scarcely be greater than in Pennsylvania, where his efforts were rewarded with a disconcerting lack of success. The miner memory is long. Moreover, the current trial at London, Kentucky, was well-timed to remind the miners that the Honorable Happy ended the deputy-sheriff racket.

It is wholly possible that the unrepealable law of averages may catch up with and sprawl Mr. Chandler in the impending primaries. It is possible too that the prestige of Mr. Barkley, the active will of President Roosevelt, the advocacy of Postmaster General Farley, federal patronage of which Mr. Barkley is dispenser, and WPA money judiciously poured into Kentucky at the proper time may be a combination too strong for the Honorable Happy to overcome. If he is not nominated it will be his first political defeat. If he defeats Mr. Barkley he will be Kentucky's next senator, and Mr. Roosevelt will have to promote a new Senate leader. The Republicans who also will nominate somebody are prepared to admit that they do so because it wouldn't look nice not to. Against either Senator Barkley or Governor Chandler the Republican will have no discernible chance.

Victory for Mr. Chandler in these primaries may not be regarded as a defeat for Mr. Roosevelt. Kentucky is still Roosevelt's. The Honorable Happy's record is truly Rooseveltian. He caused his legislature to ratify the Child Labor Amendment, much to the President's gratification. He reorganized the state government on a basis of efficiency and economy, centralizing authority and consolidating bureaus. When the Honorable Happy assumed office the Highway Department owed nearly $3,000,000 and was paying twelve per cent for its money. He paid off this debt, put it on a cash, pay-as-you-go basis. Similarly he put the state's general fund on a cash basis whereas formerly it was paying eighteen-per-cent interest on funds it borrowed to keep the state government in motion. He is paying two and a half million a year in old-age pensions and has increased schoolteachers' salaries by a million dollars. Furthermore, he put a free-school-books law through the legislature, something his predecessors pronounced impossible. He had razed the ancient and indescribable dungeon horror known as the state penitentiary in Frankfort, transferring the convicts to a prison farm that threatens to become self-supporting. And he built it without federal aid, cheered on by penologists and the prisoners. He is building (again without federal aid) modern hospitals for the indigent sick and the state's insane—the latter being actually hospitals and not merely tiers of cages. And he is still living within the state's income, saving money, chasing the state's indebtedness into history.

Kentucky's New Deal

The Rhea-Laffoon-Barkley crowd will tell you, appropriately blushing to think of such low political trickery, that were it not that the Honorable Happy slipped a popular primary law over on them while their backs were turned for an instant, he would not now be upsetting their directions. It happened while the Honorable Ruby Laffoon was governor and Mr. Chandler lieutenant governor.

It was the practice of the Old Guard to nominate candidates in conventions composed of delegates selected by themselves. Thus they might be reasonably sure that the candidate would be *machine-made, warranted when elected not* to annoy his creators.

But one day Messrs. Laffoon and Rhea went to Washington to talk about a new federal judgeship for Kentucky. Happy waited until their train had crossed the state border. Then, being acting governor, he called the legislature to consider a primary law. Shocked beyond expression, Messrs. Rhea and Laffoon hurried back. The moment his train entered the state, Governor Laffoon issued a mandate revoking the call. But the Honorable Happy had thought too fast. He contended, and the court agreed, that once a legislature is called, it must meet. It may not be dismissed until it has acted upon that for which it was called.

The Honorable Happy knew that it would enact primary legislation if given a chance. So did Mr. Laffoon. And Mr. Laffoon knew that it would be idle to

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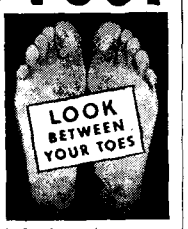
Don't experiment with this serious, stubborn skin infection and prolong your suffering. Treat it at once with Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX. Relieves intense itching; kills the fungi it contacts. Aids in healing the red, raw, cracked or peeling skin between the toes or on the feet and helps prevent infection. Accept no substitute for Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX (liquid or ointment). Sold at all Drug, Shoe and Dept. Stores. FREE Foot Booklet—write Dr. Scholl's, Dept. S B 7, Chicago, Ill.



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HAVE YOU FAILED to remove ugly stains? Use Iodent No. 2. Specially compounded by a Dentist to safely remove stains from teeth hard-to-bryten. Specially made to polish dull teeth to a beautiful lustre. Made also in No. 1 texture for teeth easy-to-bryten. Try Iodent today! Enjoy its pure, minty flavor.

IODENT
No. 1 FOR TEETH EASY TO BRYTEN TOOTH PASTE also POWDER No. 2 FOR TEETH HARD TO BRYTEN

veto such a law. Briefly, that's how it happened. And that's how the Honorable Happy became governor. He'd never have got the nomination from one of those reliable Old Guard conventions.

He is Kentucky's New Deal. And it is one of the sports of politics that his opponent, a symbol of the federal New Deal, should be the hero of the Old Guard, which for so many years has misgoverned Kentucky and smothered her in debt. Almost singlehanded, with his nimble wit and by resorting to all the swift trickery so dear to the heart of the Old Guard, the Honorable Happy won the governorship from the Rhea-Laffoon-Barkley machine plus the once arrogant Louisville triumvirate. From the same combination he is now trying to snatch a senatorship. And personally we wouldn't bet a Russian paper ruble.

Somehow we gathered the feeling that neither would that Louisville combine plunge on the result. The nominal head of Louisville's tong is Mr. Shackelford Miller, capable lawyer and one of Mr. Barkley's campaign managers. His associates are Mr. Mike Brennan, an affable, experienced gentleman who has had considerable trouble getting his heart into the fight against the Honorable Happy, and Mrs. Lennie McLaughlin—more popularly known to Louisville as Miz Lennie. The less reverent in Louisville parse this trio thus: Shack is the front, Mike is the politician and Miz Lennie the brains. We suspect that this analysis is not wholly accurate, Mr. Miller and Mr. Brennan impressing us as pretty able persons, capable of doing a lot of independent thinking. But both of them quite freely and gallantly regard Miz Lennie as an extremely valuable partner. Miz Lennie, a pleasant, middle-aged woman, seems to do the major share of the organizing work as well as most of the worrying. She has compiled and presides over the files wherein are the dossiers of every voter in Louisville—Democrats—Old Guard and New, and Republicans. She is perhaps the most efficient and powerful woman boss in any American city. When we called her just that, she blushed.

Unwillingly we left Miz Lennie. Outside, the loudest automobile horn we've ever heard was calling us. A hundred and eighty-eight pounds of nervous energy—the Honorable Happy—was leaning on it, fretting to be off down the Blue Grass country to tell the farmers, the stock breeders, the tobacco planters and the townfolk all about himself (as if it were news) and how, in Washington, he would arise every morning "shakin' my fist in their faces and telling them they can't do that to Kentucky."

Happy, Destiny's Darling

He is built, wound and runs like a new dynamo. He looks, talks and enthuses like a radio announcer. He's as superstitious as a crystal gazer, is completely convinced that he is destiny's darling, doesn't drink nor smoke, and thinks it's just dandy to slug several rounds with his bodyguard, Major Joe Burman of the State Highway Patrol. The major used to be a professional pugilist. The Honorable Happy is as emotional as a valedictorian's mother at commencement, his laughter and tears being on twin hair triggers. He loves sentimental ballads, the gloomier gospel hymns, white horses, parades, raucous pajamas, and on all occasions plenty of noise. For some obscure reason he has been likened to the late Huey Pierce Long. Except for his energy, which reminds you of New York's Fiorella LaGuardia, he is as little like Mr. Long as is Virginia's Harry Flood Byrd, whom Happy warmly admires. If he were a Republican, that party's quest for a candidate for 1940 would be over. He may never be President nor even senator; but that won't be his fault. He's a lawyer. And he has an idolatrous wife and four children, all of whom he calls sweetiepie.

So here we go, wooshing up and down Kentucky's roads with the Honorable Happy. The major's up front pondering darkly on the day when, the campaign over, he can catch up on his sleep and rest his tortured dogs. Beside him sits Jesse, another highway patrolman, who does the driving with a heavy foot. The Honorable Happy is hitting on all twenty-four. We zoom past pedestrians, past boys perched on fence rails, past cars, trucks, carts, through villages.

"Hi, hi, boys. Lookit 'em wave at me, Joe. Lookit, Joe, lookit the Chandler stickers on the cars. Seen any Barkley stickers? I ain't. Lookit, I carried Barkley's own town for governor against his friend—" (We come to a stock farm. In the fields are a number of white horses. The Honorable Happy stops talking. The driver slows down.)

"Get 'em, Joe, get 'em!" shouts the Honorable Happy. And for every white horse he sees—so fast that he nails them all and some of them twice without losing breath—he wets his right thumb on his tongue and smacks it into his left palm. "Ten, Joe, ten," he cries. "Eight," says the major. "Ten," insists the governor. "Ten," agrees Joe, who knows it's no use.

Get 'em, Happy, Get 'em!

Maybe we've never had reason to notice it before, but Kentucky is alive with white horses. Within an hour the Honorable Happy's guests are thumbing white horses. A few months ago he had the British Ambassador, Sir Ronald Lindsay doing it. Sir Ronald was his guest, touring the Blue Grass. "I hope you'll forgive me if I'm impertinent," said Sir Ronald, "but what happens if you miss one?"

"Lookit," cries Happy, getting back to the voters, "lookit—the soldier boys, the Legion. Hiya, hiya, buddies. Lookit 'em wave. I'm the first legionnaire to be governor of Kentucky. Got the soldier boys' votes. They're my friends. Where was that one, Joe?"

The major had licked his thumb and had smitten his palm an extra hard lick. "Redhead woman," says Joe. "Hiya, lady," cries the Honorable Happy. "Lookit her wave, Joe, lookit her wave. Barkley ran for governor. Got licked in the primaries. Nineteen thirty-five I licked the boss of the state machine, Tom Rhea, for governor nomination. Tom Rhea is Barkley's state manager now. How did I do it? I put a primary law through—primary and run-off primary. The Rhea-Laffoon-Barkley crowd, the old state-debt crowd, used to nominate in conventions. Nobody they couldn't control had a chance."

More white horses. The car was filled with waving thumbs and the slap of fists hitting palms. We accused the Honorable Happy of ringing in two bay horses. He contended that they were white but had been rolling in mud. At the height of the argument the Honorable Happy settled things by singing Hail Transylvania (his college song), There's a Gold Mine in the Sky, and The Voice in the Old Village Choir.

But before he had finished we arrived in a town. He leaped from the car into a crowd and began to shake hands, arms and shoulders, to hug, slug, shove and love. A band was playing Happy Days Are Here Again, and a choir of kitten-eyed little girls squalled the words: Happy Chandler Wins Again. And when everybody else began to show signs of exhaustion, the Honorable Happy leaped to the platform and began his speech:

"My frrrriendddddds . . ."

...and again, before you go to bed—another glass of DEL MONTE Pineapple Juice to put the "silver lining on the night."

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YOUR TASTE WILL SAY

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The same fine flavor you know in so many other Del Monte Foods

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"Whee—A gallon o' Gas and a Big Apple!"

I want to go on record as sayin' this "younger generation" is in my hair an' I don't mean maybe!

Take young "Swifty" Miller for instance. Worst little rip in town. He pulls into my place the other day for his usual *one gallon* of gas.

"Half vanilla and half strawberry," he orders.

"O.K., Big Shot," I says, kiddin' him back, "an' shall I check your oil?"

"Oil?" he practically screams. "Say I lubricate this thing with sand!

"Don't stop me," he shouts, standing up on the seat. "I know what you're going to tell me —I need Golden Shell Oil—because it's specially made for modern stop-and-go driving." (He's mimickin' me now.)

"It's *fast-flowing* and *tough*. Gets out of the crankcase instantly—puts a tough oil film between all moving metal parts—*instantly*. It cost millions to develop this oil, but it sells for only 25¢ a quart!

"An' listen," he shouts as he clanks outa the driveway, "if you don't think I know my stuff, next time I come in I'll recite you all the American League batting averages back to 1916!"

He *will*, too. Now I ask you . . . !

Sincerely,

Your Shell Dealer

Here's What I Mean

Continued from page 20

was managing the club and we were going bad. Sam Breadon joined the team in Pittsburgh and called me in and asked me to be manager. I said I didn't want the job. By that time I had my salary as a player up to $30,000 a year and there was to be no extra money for managing. Anyhow, I liked Rickey and didn't see any reason why he shouldn't keep the job. I went and told Rickey what Breadon had said and then went back to Breadon and advised him to keep Rickey. Breadon said no. So I asked Breadon to give Burt Shotton the job as manager. But Breadon insisted on my taking it, which I finally did. Rickey still had a two-year contract, so he stayed on to build up the chain-store system that the Cards were just starting.

We finished in fourth place that year and the next year, 1926, we won the National League pennant and the World Series from the Yanks. That was the famous series when Alexander fanned Lazzeri with the bases full.

When the season was over I went in to see Mr. Breaden and talked about the next year. My player's contract, which was all I had, was up. Before this I had always got a new one for a two- or three-year period and naturally I expected the same thing now. Mr. Breadon offered me a combination contract as player and manager, with a substantial increase in salary, but for only one year. I didn't understand that at all. We had just won the first pennant and world championship in St. Louis' history. We couldn't possibly beat that next year and it would be a much harder job to repeat because, as anybody who knows baseball will understand, it is a difficult job to keep a championship team keyed up. I felt that from every point of view I was entitled to a contract for the same length of time I had always had, and we parted without coming to an agreement.

The Modern Shell Game

That was the way things stood when the gambling controversy came up. I want to tell the story of that because it has been used against me rather steadily ever since that time. One day in the fall a man who had been placing some bets for me on the horses called me on the phone and said:

"Raje, you owe me $90,000. Let me have your check for it."

Well, that was a stunner. Nobody had ever let me run up a bill for $90,000 before and it was even stranger that this was the first time I'd heard of it.

"Owe you hell," I said. "I don't owe anybody anything. Where do you get that $90,000 stuff!"

"We put you in for it and we lost," he said.

"You didn't put me in for anything," I replied. "You know as well as I do that when I bet on horses I know the name of the horse and the race he's in and the time they go to the post. Nobody told you to put me in for anything."

The man who was calling me was F. L. Moore of Newport, Kentucky. He had been a friend of mine and I had placed bets through him, but even at the worst it would have been hard to imagine me being so dumb that I would let another man use my money to bet on horses I didn't know about. And he would be even dumber to let me get into him for $90,000 before saying anything. I don't know what Moore had in mind in bringing suit against me for that money, but he didn't bluff me into paying it and the case was thrown out when it came to court—which ought to dispose of it rather completely. However, I can't deny that it has done me a lot of harm. The first thing they say when my name gets in the headlines is, "Well, the horses seem to have old Raje again." It's a good way to dispose of me when the case is weak otherwise.

Old Maids' Tales

The betting never bothered me one way or the other because I never worried when I lost. I don't worry now and never expect to worry. I never made a bet when I was on the ball field and I never got the results of a race when the game was on. You can ignore all stories of that kind because they're not true.

The point I'm making is that when the Cardinals made the deal with the New York Giants trading me for Frankie Frisch and Jimmy Ring they didn't say that it was because of contract difficulties. They merely said the trade had been made; the papers said the rest—and dragged in the horse-racing thing.

When the St. Louis Browns released me last year they could have done two things and I wouldn't have objected. They could have called me in and said: "Hornsby, you're a rotten manager and we're going to get rid of you." Or they could have said: "Hornsby, your salary is more than we can carry. We'd like to make a deal with you whereby you take part payment and call the contract off. In the meantime you can be looking around for something." My contract had the rest of 1937 and all of 1938 to run. But when I talked to Don Barnes, president of the club, and Bill DeWitt, they said nothing about my baseball record. It was the old gambling stuff again. Had I been betting on the horses? Yes, I said.

"Then you're fired," said Barnes, "and you won't get any money on the rest of the contract."

I said I'd see about that and I did, the contract being settled later, but the whole thing burned me up. I've said so much about the betting because it's been a good gag to use against me. For a time this year there were rumors that I was on baseball's black books and it looked that way. Certain jobs I had lined up in the big leagues suddenly faded away. John Ogden answered all the rumors by signing me to coach his Baltimore Orioles. I'm happy at Baltimore under Buck Crouse and Jack Ogden because they're baseball men and I know where I stand with them. Ogden is the type of business manager I like to see in the game. He was a pitcher in the minor and big leagues for over fifteen years. When he disagrees with you about something in the game, you respect him because you know he knows what he's talking about. We were together on the Cardinals under Gabby Street, and Jack will tell you how I spent most of my time hiding around the park so they couldn't say I was trying to undermine Gabby in his job.

In the big leagues the ideal arrangement is the one the New York Giants have. Bill Terry is not only team manager but also business manager and head of the chain system. He knows baseball upside down and he runs the Giants as a team should be run. Horace Stoneham owns the club and keeps hands off. He'll end by having the best property in baseball.

Maybe that system won't work for all clubs but it beats the pencil-pushers' idea a mile. The strangest thing about baseball is how the sport fails to cap-

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italize on its reputation. After building up Babe Ruth as the greatest figure in the game, baseball ignored him for years, and then gave him a coaching job. Why aren't such men as Ty Cobb, Tris Speaker and George Sisler still active in baseball? They were the heroes of millions of kids, their names are still household words in America, and yet baseball can't use them. It strikes me as stupid and shortsighted.

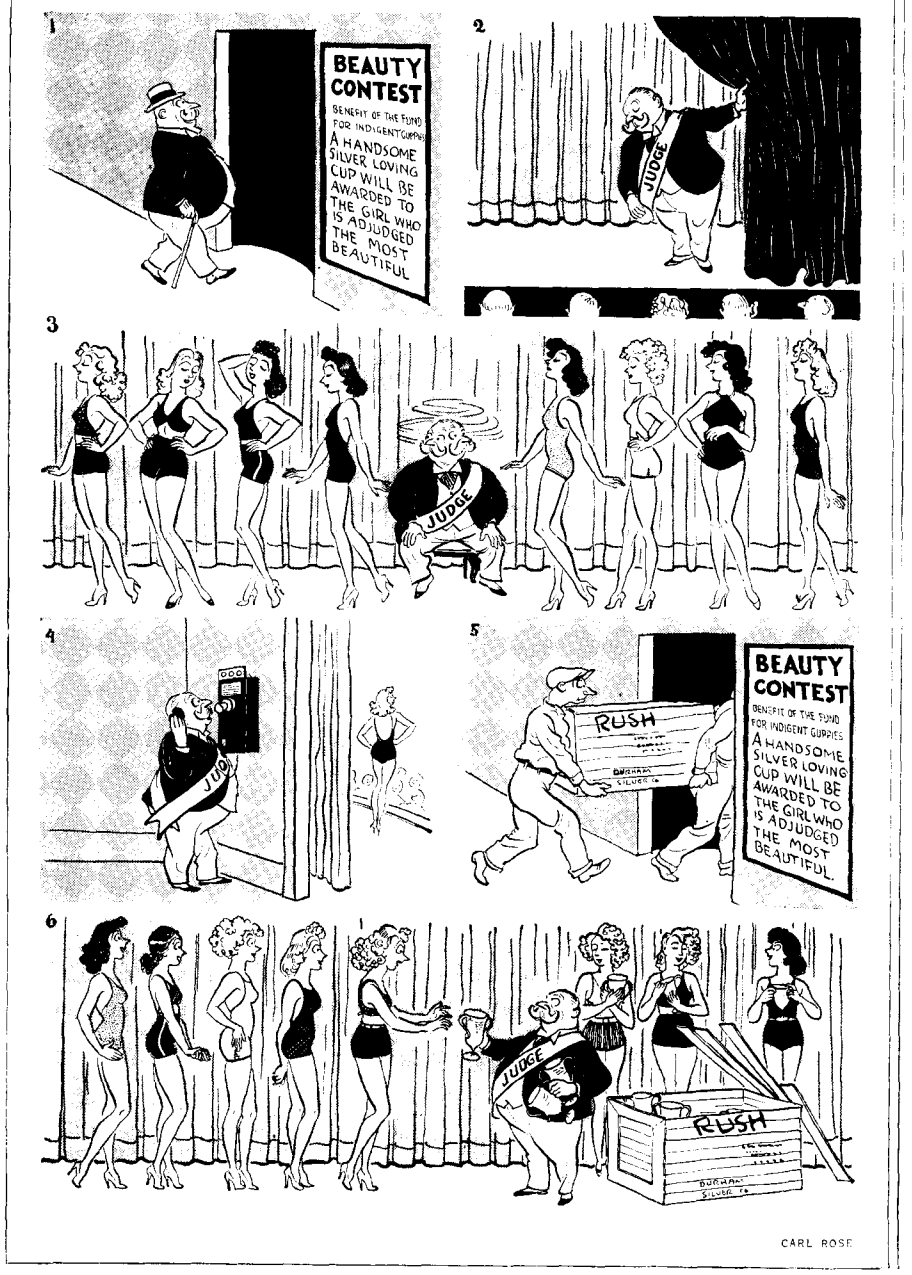
I think a manager should work closely with the owner. I liked to work with Phil Ball, who owned the St. Louis Browns when I went there as manager. He had his quirks and could be stubborn about things, but that was his privilege. When he died, money was needed to settle up the estate and I didn't mind wrecking whatever chance the Browns may have had to get the money for the heirs. I sold Buck Newsom to Washington for $40,000. Washington gave us $20,000 and Sewell for Bump Hadley and I sold Sewell to the Chicago White Sox for $6,000. The Boston Red Sox gave us Solters and $12,500 for Melillo. That made it tough on me trying to win games but it eased a bad situation for people I liked and I never regretted it.

You may imagine that an article like this will ruin me in baseball but I don't think so. It won't ruin me with the men who really know baseball and have been secretly annoyed at the ballyhoo boys who are edging in. The others don't bother me. We wouldn't get along for ten minutes no matter what happened. When Bill Terry was a ballplayer, there was nobody in the league more independent. He was a holdout in the spring and he fought for his rights. He never yessed anybody. If it had been left to the pencil-pushers, he would never in a hundred years have been a manager. He fought John McGraw up one side and down the other, and yet when McGraw wanted a successor he picked Terry. That was a lucky thing for the Giants.

Ask the Ballplayers

One last thing about business managers: the matter of players' contracts. A good manager knows who is valuable to his team. There may be a man who is hitting only .275 and yet is the "winning type" and a team man. The man who breaks the fences down when there is nobody on base is not always as good for the team as the hitter who comes through in the pinch. A team may have a spark plug who is holding the whole club together, and yet his averages may be far from impressive. If the manager handles the contracts, that man gets a break. But when a business manager who knows very little about baseball takes care of the contracts, what happens? Ask the ballplayers. When they come in to discuss terms, the business manager is likely to haul out a chart. What did you hit last year? Only .275! Well, you can't really expect a raise with an average like that. This team pays off on results. . . .

And the new type of yes-man manager won't go in and fight for his players. You can imagine the results for yourself. The team player says nuts to team play; I'm out for that record and that dough. He keeps one eye on the box score and the other on the hitting averages and forgets about the team.



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Relief Goes Wrong

POLITICAL purges are new words for an old custom. The New Dealers are not by any means the first politicians to endeavor to punish their lukewarm associates as well as their enemies. The sinister novelty about the New Deal purge is the amount of public money that Harry Hopkins has to distribute.

According to the Works Progress Administration 6,538,000 households numbering 20,050,000 individuals received relief, work program employment or relief employment during March. This is a prodigious total. Organized for political ends it is capable of exercising enormous influence. By very numbers the relief forces overshadow the veterans' lobby or any political group.

That anyone, especially anyone who professed to be moved by high ideals of the public welfare, would stoop to use for political ends money appropriated to feed, clothe and shelter the helpless poor is monstrous. Five years ago no American would have had the audacity to admit intending to use relief funds for political purposes. Some hard-boiled politicians would actually have been willing enough to use relief funds in their political works but they would not admit robbing the poor box.

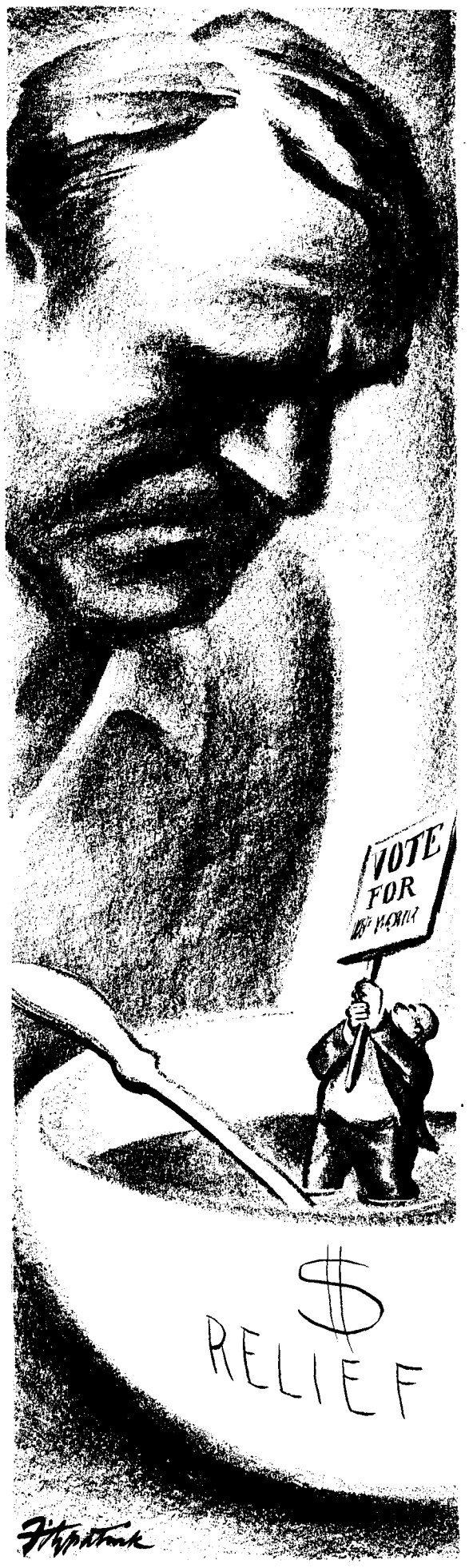
Consciences seem to have become less sensitive on these matters. The question was considered very frankly in the Senate. Senator Hatch of New Mexico introduced an amendment to the relief appropriation bill.

This amendment was simple and brief. It forbade the use of relief money in the employment of political workers. Here are the actual words: "No person whose compensation, or part thereof, is paid from funds appropriated by this act shall use his official authority or influence for the purpose of interfering with an election or affecting the results thereof."

There is nothing radical or new about a rule telling federal-relief employees not to play politics. Fifty years ago Congress passed an act forbidding Civil Service workers to take part in politics.

On the whole, that law has been honestly observed. Federal Civil Service employees do not have to be political drudges and, generally speaking, they are not. The federal employees outside the Civil Service have been the political hacks. The district attorney and marshals and postmasters have done the campaign jobs. The civil servants have voted at home but kept their mouths shut about candidates and issues. Politicians have always deplored their inability to use civil servants as political workers.

When the question of using relief money for political purposes was debated in the Senate, there was no uncertainty in anybody's mind. Senator Hatch put the matter plainly when he said: "If we build up a system by which we can use funds from the public treasury to control the votes of the people of the nation . . . democracy in America is dead." That is not an exaggerated statement. A bought vote or an intimidated vote is not a free vote.



Many senators expressed their opinions freely. Senator Henrik Shipstead of Minnesota spoke right out. He said: "In my opinion any man who would use public funds or permit public-relief funds to be used to influence a free election by a free people ought to be driven from public office."

You might think that the sense of public morality in the Senate was as high in 1938 as it was in 1883 when the Civil Service was taken out of politics. If you arrived at that optimistic conclusion you would be mistaken. The proposal to keep relief out of politics was killed in the Senate. It was killed by Senator Alben Barkley, the Administration leader in the Senate, who is up for re-nomination this next month. Senator Barkley stood precisely where any spoilsman might be found. He was for the use of relief money in political campaigns. Here are his words:

"It may be that in the interest of political purity we should try to find some way by which to disfranchise everyone who holds a government position, because everyone who holds a government position, whether under Civil Service or outside Civil Service, may be actuated in casting his vote by some personal equation or by some consideration of personal benefit or injury. Yet I would not be one who would favor denying to men or women who happen to be public servants in any capacity the same right I enjoy and that I exercise as a member of this body. . . .

"Although millions of dollars are annually contributed out of the federal treasury to help the states build highways, we all know that there is not a state in the Union in which the political organization which is in control of the state does not prostitute for its own political purposes the employment of men and women on the highways and in the offices constructing and conducting the highways."

Senator Barkley was rough on the road builders. They cannot all be as bad as that. But his logic seems to be that since state politicians prostitute highway funds federal politicians should prostitute money appropriated to relieve the necessities of the unemployed.

This is the force behind the political purge.

Unhappily it is true that men and women on relief are ill fortified to resist the efforts of politicians to influence their votes. Hunger is a stern master and those who dispense relief funds can control many votes, but not all, and perhaps not enough to accomplish the purposes of the purge committee. The instinct of independence is strong in this country.

It will doubtless survive even the attempts of those misguided office-seekers who are trying to use public charity to mobilize the weakest groups of the country into an army of mercenary voters. Such purposes have only to be understood to be defeated.

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HOW TO MAKE A TEN HIGH MINT JULEP

Fill a silver julep cup or tall glass half full of finely cracked ice, add 5 or 6 leaves of mint lightly dusted with powdered sugar; crush gently with spoon; then fill with more cracked ice. Now fill the cup or glass with TEN HIGH Bourbon, and add two sprigs of lightly sugar-dusted mint. If the ice is very finely crushed, the glass will frost in a few minutes.

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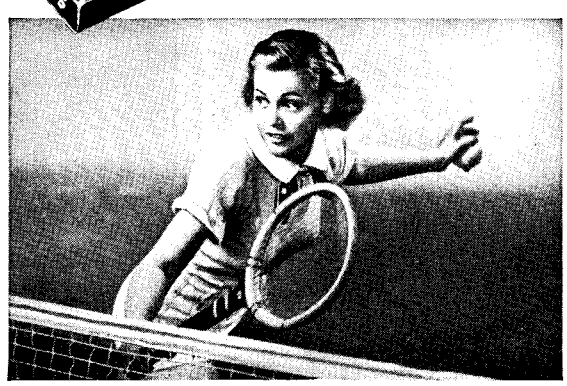
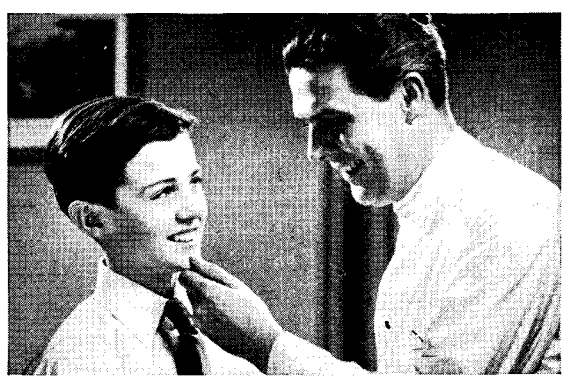


WHENEVER YOU PLAY... gum helps keep you "on your game," it aids in steadying your nerves... helps keep mouth and throat moist. When driving the car Beech-Nut Gum not only adds to your pleasure but it helps you stay awake and alert.



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